THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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O, THE DIFFERENCE!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

I.

O, Grief will make the eyes o'erflow,
And shut the daylight out;
Scare all our happiest thoughts away,
Our fair dreams put to rout;
And at her cruel shadow all
The sky grow dark above;
Yet one thing left us makes amends—
'Tis Love! 'tis happy Love!

II.

What though the trees are blossoming
With wealth of rosy flowers?
What though the birds are twittering
Sweet through the summer hours?
What though Life wears its olden charm,
As down the hill we rove?
If one thing fail us, dark the way—
'Tis Love! 'tis happy Love!

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

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PART THIRD.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth."
—*Shakspeare.*

It was towards the close of the fourth day after the capture of André, that a horseman rode up to the door of the Pemberton mansion in Philadelphia. Both horse and man looked dusty and weary, as if from the effects of a long ride. Dismounting and fastening the weary animal to the hitching post, the traveller mounted the steps, and knocked at the door. Very soon Foxey made his appearance.

"Is your master in, Foxey?"

"Bress my soul, Cap'n Morris, is dat you? Ob course Mas' Arth 's in. Walk back to de libary, won't you?"

Captain Morris—he had been captain now for some time—stepped hastily forwards into the library, just glancing into the parlors as he passed, and, as he entered the room, closed the door after him.

"Why, Phil—glad to see you," exclaimed Pemberton, springing from his chair with extended hand. "But what makes you look so solemn?" continued he, noticing the serious countenance of his friend. "The army been defeated?"

"The army is all right; but I bring sad news, Arthur. Major André is a prisoner."

"Not wounded, I hope."

"No, not in the least."

"Well, that is not so bad. He is out of harm's way—where he can neither hurt us, nor get hurt himself. And when he obtains his parole, we shall have, I trust, the pleasure of his society for a while."

"Ah—would he were only a prisoner!" rejoined Morris, excitedly. "But Arnold has turned traitor—would have delivered up West Point. André plotted the whole affair with him—assumed a disguise to get back, and was arrested in his disguise near Tarrytown."

"Arnold a traitor! It is not possible!" exclaimed Pemberton.

"Would to God it were not! But he has fled to the enemy. The army is furious. André was captured in disguise; and papers discovered on him which divulged the whole infamous plot. He was arrested as a spy—he is to be tried as a spy—and if something be not done, and that speedily, he will meet the death of a spy."

Pemberton flung himself upon the sofa, and covered his face with his hands. It was terrible—all terrible! Arnold's treason—André's danger. For he loved John André beyond the love of a brother.

"Merciful God!" at length he said. "And how can we tell Helen?"

The tears came into Morris's eyes. "That has been worrying me all my long ride," he said. "Arthur, rather than she should suffer as she will, I would cheerfully die in André's place."

"But he must not die!" exclaimed Pemberton, starting up. "What were the facts—did he enter our lines in disguise?"

"No, I learn not. He says he entered our lines in his own uniform, and unknowingly—he having expressly stipulated with Arnold that they should meet outside. But Arnold deceived him—he might have known that a traitor could not be trusted—false to one, false to all! Then, once inside, and unable to get back the way he came, at Arnold's request he assumed his disguise. He flings back with utter scorn the charge that he is a spy."

"I would believe John André against the world," exclaimed Pemberton. "We must save him! I will return with you at once to Tappan."

"We will do what we can," replied Morris gloomily; "but I fear all our efforts will be in vain. The army, as I said, is furious—from the General-in-Chief down. They all demand a sacrifice. You have seen Washington set his lips together; when he looks stern and implacable as Nemesis. André has laid himself open by his change of dress to the charge of being a spy; and nothing, I fear, can save him!"

"Arnold is gone?"

"Yes, safe in New York. If he were in our hands, André could be saved. Of course Clinton will not deliver him up, even to save so great a favorite as André."

"Of course not!" replied Pemberton. "André himself would be the first to spurn such a proposition."

They sat for awhile in silence.

"I suppose it might as well be done first as last, Phil."

"Yes—but I would tenfold rather storm a battery," replied Morris. "Where are the ladies?"

"In the parlor, I suppose. Let us go to them."

"You must do all the talking, Pemberton. I know I should break down, at one look of Helen's face. Ah me!"

They entered the parlor. The two ladies were seated by a table—Helen reading, Isabella sewing.

"Why, Captain Morris!" exclaimed the latter as he entered. "I am very glad indeed to see you."

Helen looked a smiling welcome, and extended her hand.

Morris shook hands, said a few words, and then took a seat a little to one side.

Helen looked surprised—his manner was so different from usual.

Then Pemberton spoke. His voice trembled a little, in spite of him.

"Helen—my sweet sister, that is to be—I have often heard you say that you belonged to a race that never feared the face of Death, on the battle field or on the scaffold. Can you meet as patiently and bravely the stern, sad face of Sorrow?"

Before he had half finished his sentence, the girl was gazing from one to the other of the young men with an eager, questioning look, as if she would read their very souls. Then, as Pemberton paused, she exclaimed passionately:—

"What is it? Who is it? Is Colonel Musgrave—"

"I have heard no bad news of the Colonel," replied Pemberton. "Calm yourself, my dear Helen—be calm, I implore you!"

"Is *he* dead?" moaned Helen, in a low, quivering voice.

"He is not—but he is a prisoner."

"And wounded?"

"No—he is not wounded!"

She drew a deep breath.

"But why do you look so solemn? To be a prisoner and unhurt is not so sad. He was a prisoner before. Tell me, Philip—you tell me. Quickly! Quickly!"

Poor Morris brushed the tears from his eyes with his hand. He looked at Pemberton. The latter nodded—as if it were better told at once now.

"Major André is accused of being a spy," faltered Morris.

"I deny it! It is a foul calumny! He is no spy!" cried Helen impetuously—her mood changing into one of intense indignation. "What does he say?"

"He also denies it."

"I knew so! I knew so! What do they mean by making so false a charge, Arthur?"

"When he was arrested he was in disguise. He admits that he assumed his disguise within our lines. He had planned the surrender of West Point with General Arnold. Arnold has escaped to New York; but André was taken, with the fatal papers upon him. The army is greatly incensed. His position is very perilous indeed."

"With Arnold!" faltered Helen. She well understood now the whole affair. She herself had aided in the beginning of the perilous game, which threatened to prove so disastrous at its close. She leaned her head upon her hand, and wept bitterly.

"We shall do all we can to save him, Miss Helen. Do not give up hope," said Morris, taking a seat near her.

"You are very good, Philip. I know you will."

"When do you start for the army, Arthur?" said Isabella, who had been so far a silent but attentive and sympathizing listener. "Of course Helen and I will go with you."

To-morrow morning. There is no time for delay. You can endure a two or three days ride on horseback?"

"I think so—if Mrs. Stephens could come all the way from Boston with her infant in her arms."

"We will all go together then."

"Helen and I will retire, if you will excuse us, gentlemen, to make our arrangements. We shall be ready at any hour you fix. Good evening, Captain; I suppose you will return with us?"

"I design doing so. Good-night, Miss Graham—good-night, Miss Helen."

"Good-night, Philip," said Helen, stopping before him a moment. "I shall never forget your kindness in this dark hour."

"Phil, we must save him!" said Pemberton earnestly, after the ladies had left the room.

"I will do all I can, as you know, Arthur; but I have not the least hope. I have heard the army talk. Every man, from the highest to the lowest, says, 'Death.'"

"How is he guarded?"

"There is no hope there. Two of our best officers are constantly with him, day and night—and six sentries guard the passages and the doors. Besides, there will be, I fear, no time to do anything. Not more than three or four days."

"What, so soon? Is this great haste not unusual?"

"Not in the case of spies, you know. They are often executed on the spot. And the officers consider this a painful duty—and one that the longer it is put off, becomes the more painful."

"Then indeed, we must be moving," said Pemberton. "I shall see Washington at once. And then André. Whatever may be the result, I shall stand by him to the last. Oh, Phil, John André, Englishman as he is, is the very noblest, sweetest man I ever knew. I shall not easily get over it, if they harm him."

"He is a grand fellow, no doubt. And I would risk my life to save him," replied Mr. Morris. "But ah, Pemberton, it is mainly because I love Helen Graham. Is it not true love, Arthur, which serves the object of its affection, even by serving, if necessary, a successful rival? But for me there is no other woman in the wide world. I told you that two years ago, and I say the same thing now."

"You are a noble fellow, Phil—and only too much of a true and devoted lover. But I must see that your horse has been stabled, and order Aunt Dinah to get some supper for you. You will, of course, stay with us to-night. For we must be off bright and early to-morrow."

CATCHING THE LION.

We give above a picture of the catching of the lion, at a recent sale of a menagerie. It looks like a rather perilous business, but the men are used to wild animals, and understand the safest and surest ways of bringing them to terms. The novelty of seeing an auctioneer knocking down lions, tigers and elephants attracted a large crowd to the menagerie, in spite of the round sum asked for admission.

CHAPTER IX.

I know my duty. Though it makes me weep
Hot tears of blood, that duty will I do.
Down, foolish heart! this is no place for thee.

It took three days of hard riding, a considerable portion of it over mountain roads, before our party reached the vicinity of the American camp at Tappan. Captain Morris obtained lodgings for them at a comfortable farm-house a couple of miles from the camp, where the ladies were received with great kindness by an honest Dutch farmer named Jansen, and his substantial wife. The ladies were greatly exhausted, not so much by the ride itself as by the excitement of their emotions. Sorrow which is without hope, is very hard to bear. And neither Pemberton nor Morris felt at liberty to encourage any hopeful anticipations. In truth, they did not feel absolutely certain that they should find André alive. And the true state of their feelings, although not expressed in words, insensibly communicated itself to their sensitive companions. So that Helen, notwithstanding her undeniable courage and high spirit, seemed almost as much dead as alive, when, near the close of a pleasant Saturday afternoon, Morris assisted her from her horse, and into the sitting-room of the farm-house.

All Pemberton could learn from the farmer was that a Court of Officers had been sitting the previous day, to try André; but what the verdict was, Mr. Jansen did not certainly know, though he had heard it was "guilty." The first part of this information Pemberton thought best to communicate at once to the sisters. And then he announced his intention of riding over to Tappan, to hear what the verdict really was, and, if necessary, to see the Commander-in-chief, as also to procure a permit for all of them to visit André.

Helen beckoned him to her, as he was about following Morris from the room. "You will see him, I know, before you return," she said, in a low voice. "Tell him from me that I never loved him more than now—never! That I know he has acted in all things like a noble man and true gentleman. That I believe in him utterly. And that, were it well to do so, I should glory in sharing his prison with him. Tell him this—and as much more as you can find words to express. Tell him I am his always—utterly; for this world, and forever!"

She sank back on the farmer's rude lounge, overcome with the violence of her emotions.

Before Pemberton and Captain Morris reached the village of Tappan, they met an officer, an acquaintance of the latter, who informed them briefly of the true position of affairs. The Court had been held—composed of all the General Officers with the exception of Wayne and Irving. No witnesses had been examined. André had made a plain, unvarnished statement of all that had taken place. And, basing their verdict upon this statement, and the rules of war, he had been unanimously declared a spy, and worthy of death. The sentence had been approved that very day—and the next day, Sunday, October 1st, at 5 P. M., been appointed for the execution.

Pemberton's cheek blanched, and his heart sank within him. "So soon!" he exclaimed.

"The sooner the better," replied the officer gloomily. "It *must* be done—and yet we are all learning to love the prisoner. The longer we leave it, the harder our duty grows."

"There is no hope then but in Washington!" exclaimed Pemberton bitterly—"when a man's very virtues are made a reason for hastening his fate."

"Shall I go in with you?" asked Morris, when they had reached the stone farm-house where Washington had his head-quarters.

"There is no time to lose," replied Pemberton. "I will see the General alone, if you will see the principal officers, and try to get a paper signed by some of them, asking for a reversal of the sentence, or at least a respite."

"I will do all I can, but do not be surprised if I get no signers," rejoined Morris, as he left him. "I will meet you at your quarters this evening."

Having dismounted, and sent in his name, Pemberton was invited to enter the little room used by Washington as his reception chamber. The Chief was alone, and rising, cordially welcomed his visitor—inquiring almost immediately as to the health of the Miss Grahams.

"They are not very well, though very near here now," replied Pemberton. Then, noticing the surprise expressed in the face of his listener, he added, "General, probably you do not know that Miss Helen Graham is betrothed to Major André. It is a secret from the world, but I may trust it to your ear."

A change passed over Washington's face. "God pity her!" said he, with deep emotion.

"Yes—if your Excellency will not take pity upon her," replied Pemberton.

"What can I do?" said Washington, in a sad but resolute voice. "He has been tried by the highest Court I could summon. My Generals say unanimously that he is guilty of being a spy, and must suffer death. They speak the voice of the whole army—the whole country. How could I set their decision at naught, even if I would? I have had to tell Colonel Hamilton this, over and over. He does not dispute it, but still pleads for mercy. Mercy that I have neither the power nor the right to grant."

Pemberton had been told that Washington was a cold, stern man—had himself partly believed it. He acknowledged to himself now how false the charge was; for the man before him was evidently full of emotion—his face glowing, his voice, though low and even, impassioned. But Pemberton had determined beforehand to save his friend if he possibly could—and to admit nothing, however reasonable, that told against him. For once he was determined to be fanatical and one-sided in his reasoning and his purpose.

"If your Excellency will pardon me," said Pemberton, "it seems to me, and to Miss Graham, that everything depends upon your decision. Whatever your officers may say, the ultimate determination must rest with you. If you say live, the army will approve—and recognize in your voice that sentiment of Mercy which is so natural to you."

"And is nothing then to be done, sir, to satisfy our outraged sense of Justice?" replied Washington. "Justice has its claims as well as Mercy. Is Treason—the most infamous Treason—to be plotted in our midst, and those engaged in it to go unpunished, as if it had merely been some little peccadillo of which they had been guilty?" As he spoke thus, Washington's face assumed that cold and somewhat severe expression which usually sat upon it in moments of trial and danger.

"I am not able to perceive," rejoined Pemberton warmly, "that Major André has done anything more than I would have done in Philadelphia, had Sir William Howe, or any of his officers, proposed to play a similar game with the British, that Arnold has played with us. And I think your Excellency's sense of justice will pardon me for adding, that if I had done so, your Excellency would have applauded instead of rebuking my conduct."

"I do not deny it, Mr. Pemberton. But you will remember that I told you expressly, that, while I regarded your services in Philadelphia as of the highest value to the Country and the Cause—"

"'And such as a high-minded gentleman might perform'—pardon me for interrupting your Excellency."

"And such as a high-minded gentleman might perform," repeated Washington, emphatically, "still that if you were discovered, it might be impossible for me to save you. It is often not only blameless but noble to play the spy—I trust I would, if there were sufficient reason, imitate King Alfred, and, to save my country, penetrate the camp of the invader myself—but not the less does the rule of war say, Death to all spies! Major André has come within the rule."

"Begging your Excellency's pardon, I do not think so. I have learned from Captain Morris that he assumed his disguise under General Arnold's orders, after he had been brought into our lines against his request."

"He who deals with a Traitor, must beware Treason. The old proverb says, 'Who sups with the Devil should have a long spoon.' André took the risk, and has lost. He must pay the penalty—unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Pemberton, seeing that the General hesitated.

A gloom as of night gathered over Washington's face. He rose from his seat. It was evident to Pemberton that he was about to witness one of those tremendous bursts of indignation of which he had been told—and which were more startling on account of their infrequency. It was almost a relief when it came—the clenched and menacing right hand and extended arm giving force to the words—

"Unless we can catch that infamous Traitor, that lying and perjured wretch, Benedict Arnold—and hang him as high as Haman, in André's place. If I can once lay hold of him"—letting his massive hand fall upon Pemberton's shoulder, and giving it involuntarily a grasp that left the marks of his fingers in black and blue for days afterwards—"I'll make him an example to devils and to men!"

"I devoutly trust we may take him," said Pemberton, after a pause, in which the General had resumed his seat. "He is a Traitor, and richly deserves death. But André is an honorable, high-toned man. It will not punish Arnold to injure him."

"Who now can I trust? Who now can I trust?" mournfully exclaimed Washington, dejection mingling with his indignation. "Do you not see, sir, that this treason of Arnold's, thrown auspicion upon everybody? I appointed Arnold—the perjured wretch—to the command of West Point—and you know, Mr. Pemberton, being behind the scenes, what some very influential people in your good city think and have said of me. What will they say now?"

"I know it well;—but I also know that your Excellency has never stooped to play at their intriguing game; but that you have met secret malice with open and honest argument and wise and merciful action."

"I care not for myself," continued Washington; "but they wound the great Cause through me. I and my officers must not only be guiltless, we must be unsuspected. Add the suspicion of Treason to the other causes which are now engendering strife and disunion among us, and the cause is lost. I should like to oblige you, Mr. Pemberton, but the welfare of the Cause will not allow it. This great Crime will have its Victim. Missing Arnold, it clutches André. I fully appreciate and sympathize with your devotion to your friend, but it is needless to prolong this conversation. My resolution is unalterable."

"And this then is the answer I am to take to Helen Graham," exclaimed Pemberton bitterly. Pray God it does not kill her too. She will insist, I know, upon seeing your Excellency herself, and begging for Mercy upon her knees. What shall I tell her?"

A groan burst from Washington's breast. "I cannot, cannot see her! I am but a man, Mr. Pemberton—a weak man, simply trying my best to do what is right. Why should I be exposed to such a weight of agony? My answer must be still the same. I beg you, spare me such an hour of torture!"

"Your Excellency will at least favor me with a pass for myself and my friends to visit the prisoner?"

Washington sat down at a table and wrote a pass. "This will admit you to-morrow morning. It is too late to-night."

"I must bid your Excellency good evening," said Pemberton coldly, taking the pass.

Washington held out his hand. "We are still friends, are we not?" said he, while his face resumed that benevolent expression which was usual with him when in the presence of his military family.

"We are still friends," replied Pemberton, taking his extended hand—"though you have denied mercy to the very dearest friend I have on earth." And he walked gloomily from the room.

CHAPTER X.

Life, thou dost strain too hard upon this heart.
It must have rest—or break!

Outside the door, Pemberton met Captain Morris, who had ascertained he was still within, and was awaiting him in the twilight.

"I need not ask you what success you have had?" said Morris, with a glance at his friend's sorrowful face.

"He is as immovable as these granite hills," replied Pemberton. "Have you had any better success?"

"I cannot get a single name; though Colonel Hamilton says he will sign, if I can obtain enough others to give the paper any weight. And yet they all express the utmost admiration and sympathy for André."

"Cursed be their admiration and their sympathy, if they will not move a hand to save him!" exclaimed Pemberton indignantly. "What excuse have they for their cruel coldness?"

"They all give the same reason—the crime is so great that there must be a victim. Hamilton says the Army feels as the Romans did when that great gulf opened in the Forum, and the Augurs averred it would not close until something most precious had been flung down into it. Arnold's treason, he says, has opened that hideous gulf; and either Arnold or André must die, to prove that the Army is true and faithful, and thus close the chasm up again. The very fact that André is the valuable man he is, and so great a favorite with Clinton, renders, in their view, his sacrifice the more imperative."

By this time the young men had remounted, and were on their way to the farm-house.

"What shall we say to Helen?" said Pemberton, in a voice full of emotion.

Morris made no reply—save to wipe his eyes with his handkerchief. And they rode on in silence.

As they neared the house, Morris said—"You got a permit, I suppose?"

"Yes, for to-morrow."

Dismounting they fastened their horses. The light was shining out from the already opened door, where Isabella was standing.

She held up one hand with a warning gesture. "Speak low," she said, "if you have bad tidings."

"Is anything the matter with Helen?" asked Pemberton.

"I fear a great deal. She was awaiting your return, all excitement and eagerness, about an hour ago, when a neighboring farmer came along, and called out to Mr. Jansen that 'the spy had been sentenced to be hung to-morrow at five o'clock.' Helen gave a great shriek, and fell to the floor. Mrs. Jansen and myself got her into a back room, and into bed; and she has lain there since, seemingly unconscious of all around her." Isabella spoke in a whisper, but rapidly, and with great emotion—frequently turning her head and listening. "I left her for a few minutes, hearing you coming.—Oh, merciful God—what makes you look so sad? Why don't you deny it?—It cannot be true! Speak, I say—or I too shall go mad."

Pemberton took a step forward, and passed his arm around the waist of his betrothed. "My precious darling!" said he soothingly. "Do not fail your sister at this awful time. If you give way, who shall comfort her?" With words like these, and with gentle caressings, he sought to soothe and sustain her. And it was soon evident not without effect. For Isabella's manner, after a great flood of tears, became more composed, and it was evident that the first force of the dreadful blow had spent itself. Then she said,

"I must now go back, and see how Helen is."

But as she turned towards the door of the room, it opened, and a tall white figure came in. It was Helen, in her night dress, and with one of the sheets of the bed folded like a shawl across her shoulders, and hanging draped around her.

"Good evening, gentlemen—I am glad to see you. Where's the Major? Fie, fie, to be so late—and on his wedding night too!"

"Why, Helen," cried Isabella, in an agonized voice, springing to her. "do come back to your room, my dear sister." And she took her by the arm, and would have led her back.

"Isabella, I am surprised at you! You forget yourself—to act thus before our friends," exclaimed Helen, drawing herself up with great dignity. "Mr. Pemberton, you must excuse her. Ah, you have come to dance at my wedding, Philip? That's a good boy." Here she broke out into one of her childhood's songs:—

"'The frog he would a wooing go,
With a string strang molly mitty kimo;
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a string strang molly mitty kimo.
Kimo nero gilto karo,
Kimo nero kimo,
With a string strang a parawinkle
Marabone aringtang,
Aringtang a molly mitty kimo.'

"What makes you look so serious, gentlemen? Is it such a solemn thing to get married?" Here she gave a wild laugh—that mad laughter which is so dreadful to hear. "But," with a sudden change of expression "perhaps you think the bridegroom will not come? Hark!" holding up her finger. "Why doesn't he come? Why doesn't he come?" here her voice mounted almost to a shriek—"Ah, I know—I know—I heard them say"—here she paused and seemed to be trying to recollect something—"oh, I remember,—they said he could not come—because he was—to be hung!" and, with a fearful shriek, that tore the hearts of her listeners, Helen again relapsed into unconsciousness, and would have fallen to the floor, had not Isabella and the young men—who sprung forward—sustained her in their arms.

"It will not do to leave her a moment, Arthur," said Isabella, when the unconscious girl had been placed again in her bed. "And, as I would wish to have the command of all my strength, please bring me no more news,—unless, of course, you can bring us good news. I would rather have everything hereafter a great blank—and think of nothing but Helen. She will need all my care, if we would preserve her life and her mind. I do wish the physician that I sent for would come."

She had hardly finished speaking, before the physician—one of the medical gentlemen attached to the army—was shown into the room. He pronounced it an attack of brain fever, naturally enough brought on by the terrible circumstances of the case, with which they felt bound to acquaint him. If Helen had however, as she seemed to have, and as Isabella said she had, a strong and vigorous constitution, he thought with careful nursing, and the utmost quiet, she might ultimately recover her full health both of mind and body. The case however was evidently a very serious one, and under the most favorable circumstances, would confine her to her room for weeks, if not for months. He prescribed certain quieting medicines, recommended the constant application of cloths wet with cold water to her head, and said that if she was no better by the next day, her heavy hair would have to be cut off.

We may simply add here, that she did seem rather better the next day, though still lying apparently unconscious; but the beautiful light brown hair, which had shone like threads of gold in the sunshine, to the graceful movements of her imperial head, no longer existed. That one night of sorrow and suffering had changed the glossy gold into a lustrous silver.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

The practice of giving letters of introduction to friends who are about to visit distant places has largely increased as the means of transport have been developed, and the growth of the custom has not been without attendant evils. It is related of a well-known American writer, that upon his first visit to Europe, when comparatively young and unknown, he was furnished with a letter of introduction to an English nobleman, also a literary man. Upon delivering the letter, however, the American was disappointed by a message from the nobleman to the effect that, as the writer of the letter was unknown to him, he must decline seeing its bearer. Such a reception must have been exceedingly annoying to the deliverer of the letter, who may possibly have felt inclined to accuse the gentleman to whom it was addressed of a gross breach of politeness. The real blame, however, rested with the writer, whose zeal on the behalf of his friend was no excuse for the gross impertinence of seeking to introduce him to a third person unknown to either.

The instance here quoted may be said to be an exceptional case, but it nevertheless finds its parallel almost daily, in the reckless manner in which letters of introduction are asked for and given. It too frequently happens that letters of introduction are addressed to persons with whom the writers have, at best, but a slight acquaintance. The bearer of such a letter may anticipate a cordial reception upon its delivery, and find, on the other hand, only mortification and disappointment. Introductory letters are sometimes thoughtlessly given to persons imperfectly known to the giver. This is an abuse which cannot be too severely condemned. The writer of a letter of introduction should remember that he is morally responsible for the integrity of the person introduced, and, in mercantile affairs, should the introduction lead directly to any evil consequences, he becomes liable to an action at law, and serious penalties may be incurred, if it be proved that the letter was given without due caution. Though the law may not take cognizance of evils resulting from similar negligence in private life, the offence, morally, is in no degree lessened. A letter of introduction should be an assurance of the irreproachable character of its bearer, and a claim, which cannot be disregarded, upon the hospitality and friendship of its receiver. The responsibility which the gift of such a letter involves, should therefore never be assumed, without an intimate knowledge of the character and antecedents of the person to whom the letter is given, and a like knowledge of the person to whom it is addressed. These are the fundamental rules by which all persons should be guided in giving letters of introduction, and their neglect is a serious offence against society, as it affords a means by which those, whose characters will not bear investigation, may gain admittance into society, from which, if the truth were known, they would be rigorously excluded.

When, however, a letter of introduction is given, a second letter should be sent direct by post to the person to whom the letter of introduction is addressed, advising him of the coming visitor, and containing such further particulars of the visitor's merits and pretensions as may be necessary. Many things may be stated in a letter sent direct in this manner, which it would be improper and indelicate to state in a letter of introduction, the more so, as custom prescribes that letters of introduction should be brief, and that they should remain unsealed.

There is much latitude for the exercise of tact and discrimination in introducing strangers to each other, that their ages, tastes and inclinations may assimilate. Each may possess an estimable character and disposition, yet unless their tastes are alike, or the same objects and pursuits have a common interest to both, an introduction would only result in a polite interchange of common-place courtesies, and a mutual understanding that neither was fitted for the other's companionship.

A thoughtful consideration of the true nature of the favor demanded, would frequently deter persons from giving letters of introduction, and on the other hand would as frequently prevent the request being made. If letters of introduction were less readily obtained, their value would be more justly appreciated, and as the principles we have indicated became more generally diffused, their potency in obtaining the desired object would be increased.

TWO!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MINNIE MAY.

How blue your eyes are, Fannie,
Beautifully fair,
Bright summer violets
Seem lingering there.

What beautiful lips, Fannie,
Exquisite in style,
And what rows of pearls
You display when you smile!

A dash from those eyes, Fannie,
Counts for weal or woe;
And the arch of those eyebrows
Is killing, you know.

A kiss from those lips, Fannie,
Were bliss for a saint!
But I should not like it,
For fear of the paint.

I've seen those eyes fall, Fannie,
In rapturous glee—
You're an arch coquette, yes!
But don't hope to flirt me.

How a Fort Ditch was Plumbed.

AN EPISODE IN AN EAST INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

During an Indian campaign, about a quarter of a century ago, it was necessary to take a very strongly fortified city. The name need not be given. Some of the allusions in the following story will probably enable those conversant with recent Indian history to identify it:

The city held a commanding position; planted on the only knoll of high ground in the district, it was visible for miles around. The massive mud walls of the city—and with the old-fashioned siege-trains they were the hardest to batter down—heavily mounted with guns, many of which bore the stamp of European manufacture, frowned defiance far and wide; while high above the rest, and most defiant of all, rose the *enciente*, the fort itself. Many a siege had it withstood; and it still boasted of being one of the fast-decreasing number of "maiden forts of Hindostan." The surrounding country was very arid, bordering on desert, with scarcely a tree of any growth, beyond some conspicuous avennes of palms, exotics here, which a former chief had introduced. One of the old, broad, classic rivers of India flowed near, and supplied the water for the ditch, or moat, with which the whole city was surrounded. The besieging camp was, on the whole, well placed, and had been favored with more than an average of healthiness; for, as a rule, in India verdure and health are found in inverse proportions. Still, so large a force as was now hurriedly gathered together here, though free from any strong local provocatives to disease, could not long show a clean bill of health. The hillmen of the frontier were beginning to droop, as they sighed for the more bracing air of their native heights. The Hindostanis, despite all the sanitary precautions of the quarter-master-general's department, showed signs of failing strength and heart; and the European part of the force were daily giving in increasing sick-returns. Time pressed, for the sake of the troops—and for other reasons; the surrounding country was becoming disturbed, while the more remote districts, denuded of troops, who had been all wanted for the siege, were growing restless. The city *must fall*. England's honor must be vindicated speedily; the blood of the two brave young Englishmen, the representatives of their country, who had been cruelly done to death beside its walls, must be avenged without further delay.

Impatience had now begun to show itself in camp. Weary of the protracted siege, with its monotonous duties of systematic investment, the men were eager for the excitement of the crowning assault; and it was generally considered to be close at hand. Spies had reported that disease and famine were daily claiming their victims by hundreds in the city—that desertions were of nightly occurrence. They could not hold out much longer; yet it would be no bloodless achievement. The enemy knew that they deserved no mercy, they expected no quarter, and they meant to sell their lives dearly. All this was generally known in camp; and it only made the men the more eager for the end.

The city walls had been fast crumbling away under the pounding of our siege-guns, and would offer no great difficulties. But then the real work of the day would begin. However easily they might be mounted, the fort, which stood out in an extreme corner, would still remain to be gained. It was the stronghold of the besieged; here they would make their last stand. To reach it would be a march of death to many. They would have to fight their way foot by foot; and of all fighting, street-fighting in an old Indian city is the most deadly. Every roof, every window, every loop-hole in the walls, has its matchlock-men, where, under cover, they can pick off their enemy calmly and with unerring aim; while the fort guns, which always command the city itself, as a precaution against an *emeute*, as well as the glacis against an attack from without, would sweep down the long, narrow streets, and hundreds of brave fellows fall without being able to strike a blow in fair fight. This, too, was well known in camp; and the general hope was, that, while feints might be made at different points on the city walls, the grand assault would be made on the fort itself, on its water-face, for the main ditch ran under its very walls.

While the camp was in this state of excitement and impatience, and everything indicated that the assault would be made within the week at furthest, one evening there was the usual gathering of officers in the artillery mess-tent, which, as a rule, included those of the engineer corps, who were too few in number to establish a mess of their own. It happened that the old brigadier-general and the chief-engineer were both present. Naturally the coming assault was the topic of conversation. On the faces of the eldermen the glow of hope for success, and for honorable mention in General Orders, was perceptibly subdued by the thought of absent dear ones, whose future for weal or woe hung on the result of that assault; while among the youngsters light-hearted enthusiasm seemed to hold unbroken sway.

In the course of the conversation there passed some remarks, loud enough to reach the brigadier's ear, about the attack being made on the fort itself, as the more brilliant and the less bloody course; and all the youngsters were in favor of it. The brigadier, turning to the chief-engineer, said, as though casually, "Well, colonel, I suppose you are prepared, whenever the order comes? All the ladders, and those sort of things ready? By the way, do you know the exact depth of the ditch on the fort face?" "Not *exactly*," was the reply, "but, I fancy, near enough for our purpose." "I wish I knew to a foot," said the brigadier. "It might save many lives," he added gravely. Then, looking at the young men who had been the loudest in their remarks about making the assault direct on the fort, he said, "Well, young gentlemen, I admire your zeal; but, considering that we know the ditch is much deeper opposite the fort than round the city, I can't say much for your united forethought, when not one of you has had—I will not say the pluck, for that I don't doubt—but the wit to go and plumb it."

The remark was like the bursting of a shell—nearly every man at the table felt himself hit, and hit hard.

Soon after the party broke up and began to disperse. A young subaltern of engineers—we will call him Norval—as he was passing a group of officers waiting at the door of the mess tent for a few last words, was thus greeted by a young captain of artillery, named Wilson: "A pretty good wigging all you young engineers got to-night, Norval; and, I must say, you deserved it." "Perhaps so," was Norval's quiet remark, as he walked away.

This was not the first sneer Captain Wilson had launched at Norval; for, before coming into camp, they had been together in cantonments. A few words will explain the different characters of these two men, and their attitude toward each other. Norval was a man of mark, although he could hardly be said to be a popular man. Indeed, a natural reserve prevented this; but his readiness to help (and his position as an engineer officer in cantonments gave him many opportunities of helping), and his gentle, thoughtful bearing commanded regard, and, young though he was, respect; while Wilson's more genial manner—for he was a first-rate companion, and the very life of a mess—made him a more general favorite among youngsters. But, unhappily, Wilson's early training had been very different from Norval's. That of the latter had been precisely of the kind out of which the consistent practical Christian is most likely to be developed; for in his early home religion had been a quiet, unpretending principle of daily life. Wilson, on the other hand, had been accustomed from childhood to the most rigid observance of religious forms, and had seen in the inner life of his home so much that was unreal and untrue, that his naturally quick, discriminating mind had grown to regard the profession of religion as an imposture. He remembered bitterly how many a hard, ungrateful task had been imposed, in the name of religion. He held in contempt—and he made no secret of it—all those who were supposed to be influenced by religious motives. He had the character among his acquaintances of being a scoffer; yet he was so clever, so able to hold his own in argument, and so amusing that, in spite of what they disapproved, he was very popular among his brother officers, especially the younger ones, and to be popular was the great aim of his life. Norval recognized his abilities, but shrunk from the man who so perverted them. Wilson, again, was so utterly incapable of appreciating Norval, that he lost no opportunity of showing his dislike towards him. Norval was a first-rate cricketer, and ever ready to join in a match; a more than average billiard-player, and a keen sportsman; but the very fact that a bet on any game, and still more an oath, was hateful to him; that he was always in his place at church, and known to take an interest in the spiritual needs of the men under him, was enough to brand him in Wilson's mind as a hypocrite, and to draw forth, whenever opportunity offered, the cutting sneer. It was Wilson's *bête noir*.

Hence arose that remark after mess on the evening already referred to. It so happened that the rebuke of the old chief applied least of all to Norval; for he had only a few days before joined the camp, and had had plenty to do in learning the duties of his own post, and had never thought of inquiring what his seniors knew, or did not know, regarding the state of the siege.

Nevertheless, from the moment the brigadier's words were uttered, Norval made up his mind. *He* would wipe off the reproach. As he left the mess-tent, little heeding Wilson's words, or perhaps exulting in the thought that he would very soon give him cause to regret them, he crossed over to the lines of the European regiment which lay beyond the artillery, and picking his way between tent-ropes or over insidious tent-pegs, to the tent on the extreme left, he there found the man he wanted, Captain Parker, who commanded the Light Company of the 10—th Regiment.

"Parker," he said, "I am bent on a little spree to-night, and I want you to join me."

"What's up now? You out on a spree! Well, yes, I'll join you; for I am very sure friend Norval will go in for no spree, as he calls it, in which I should be ashamed to join him."

"Well, look here, old fellow, just now, at mess, the old brigadier startled us all by asking us, as we were crying so loud for an assault on the fort, whether we knew the exact depth of the ditch on that side. And, to our shame be it said, not a man had ever thought of it. I can't take much blame to myself, because I have so lately joined; but I should like for the fun of the thing, to go and take soundings, as my old father the commodore would say, and present it to the old boy before he turns in for the night. Will you come and help me?"

"Will I not? When do you go?"

"Well, we ought to have some fellows with us, in case of a scrimmage, for we may have to fight our way back. So, if you can bring half-a-dozen of your best "Lights," I should be glad. I needn't say, don't bring drunkards; but bring clear-headed fellows—men who don't fancy they require a lot of grog to brace up their pluck, forgetting that it muddles their brains. We must have men who have brains and pluck at command."

"All right," said Parker. "You shall have the best I can give—men into whose hands I can trust my own life, and yours, too, if need be."

"Then let us meet at the battery, on the extreme left of our lines; that will bring us pretty straight in front of the fort. Now I'll go and arrange with old Jones, who is field-officer, and get him to let us pass the sentries. It's past eight now, the moon won't be up till nearly one; and, luckily for us, it's the dark side of the moon, as a native would say, so it will be all the darker and better for us. If we start at ten we shall be back—if we ever do get back—before the moon rises."

"So be it; ten sharp."

They parted. Parker went to think over his company, and pick the men he thought would be the most reliable for such a venture. Success was of vital importance; for he knew that nothing but success would justify such a step without orders, and save him perhaps from a court-martial. Norval at once proceeded to find Major Jones, and talk him into letting them pass, which was no easy matter, for the old man, personally as brave as any of them, had a provokingly strong regard for "Rules and Regulations," and had no fancy for being privy to hare-brained adventures. He was, however, won over, and consented. "Remember, Norval, it may cost me my commission if [illegible] chance to come to grief; [illegible] sake, I'll run the risk."

That settled, Norval had much to do, and not much over the hour to do it in. His habits of ready resource now stood him in good stead; he had at once grasped the idea, and soon formed his plans. He was an enthusiastic angler; and knowing that while the force had been lying so many weeks before the fort, they had had many a day's good fishing in the old classic river that skirted the camp, he had stowed away some tackle among his baggage, in the hope of getting his share of the sport. This he now turned to good account. At the artillery canteen he got a large bung cork; this he cut into a float by tapering it upwards to a point, leaving the bottom flat; through the middle he slipped a quill, inside which he fixed a piece of main-spring, and ran through it a strong line he had—strong enough to land a *mahseer** of ten or a dozen pounds' weight. Thus he contrived a first-rate float, through which the line would run freely one way, but would not slip one inch the other way. On one end of the line he fastened a large-sized plummet, and wound it all up on a short piece of bamboo. This was all his apparatus—simplicity itself, yet deserving a patent.

It was now nine o'clock. One hour more he could call his own. That hour—how it was spent was only known by the subsequent disclosures of his "bearer," who said that when he had gone into the tent to take his master a cup of tea, he found him very busy writing; that, when he afterwards lifted up the *purdah* (curtain) to take away the cup, his master was on his knees; and that, as he left the tent to go out, his master placed in his hand a thick packet, with orders that, if he did not return by morning, it was to be given to the paymaster.

As the stillness of the night air was broken by the several regimental *gongs* striking ten, Norval appeared at the rendezvous. Parker and his men were already there; and good Major Jones was there too, to protest once more, almost with tears, and to let them pass the sentries.

It was now quite dark. The sentries of the enemy formed a *cordon* about three hundred yards outside the city walls, and about twice as far in front of the advance line of the English pickets; and their presence was only to be detected by the sound of their voices, as they met at the end of each beat, and passed on the word "*Sub uchchha!*" ("All's well!") from end to end of the line. The little party were now fairly on their way; treading softly and slowly, they stole along till within about fifty yards of the enemy's sentries. Here they stopped. Two sentries were in the act of meeting, straight in front of them; they passed the word to each other, and parted on their return way. Norval now counted how long it took them to reach the other end of their beats, and back again. They went, and came, and parted. Norval waited still, with his little band, their hearts beating quick and loud, so as almost to be heard in the dead stillness of the night—waited till he knew the sentries must be close at the end of their beats, with their backs still turned, and a clear two hundred yards between them. Then, at a word from him, all the party sprang forward as noiselessly as possible, were soon beyond the sentries, and up to the bank of the ditch itself.

There, a few yards in front of them, rose up, looming out against the dark sky, the towers of the fort, and at their feet the ditch of unknown depth. A glance betrayed the real state of affairs. The flanking bastions had been sadly pounded by the heavy guns, and in some parts the curtains between had been entirely demolished, and crumbled down till the *débris* gave an easy ascent from the water's edge.

As the bank of the moat had been somewhat raised, it furnished cover and shelter on its outer side. Here Parker and his men lay down concealed. Norval arranged his apparatus for the cast. Unwinding his line from the stick, and fastening the end round his body, he hung it in loose coils on his right arm, and took the plummet in his right hand. Then noiselessly crossing the pathway on the bank, he stole down to the water's edge, and threw the plummet sufficiently high to insure a good arc and straight fall. It carried with it, coil after coil, the line off his arm, and fell in the very middle of the ditch. It dropped with a sharp plash, a single sound; it made but a slight noise—not more than a fair-sized fish would make as he snapped at a fly; yet that slight noise "sounded an alarm on the dull ear" of night. Instantly all was life. The sentries started out of their half-sleeping stroll, and fired off their matchlocks; the guards sprang to the battlements, and blazed away in the direction from which the sound had come. The sentries on the glacis followed suit, without aim or object. Norval, the instant he had made his cast, had sprung back across the bank, and was lying concealed by the side of Parker. Slowly raising his head over the bank, he could see the guards hurrying to and fro along the ramparts, running down the sloping *débris* to the brink of the water, and there standing aghast. But there was nothing to be seen—nothing to account for the noise. The sound was not repeated. There was evidently nothing astir. So the firing gradually ceased; the men returned to their posts, or their slumbers; and Norval heard on the ramparts an occasional laugh, as the joke was passed along, "*Kali muchhli tha!*" ("It was only a fish!")

That danger passed, it now remained to draw out the line with its register float, and to make good the retreat. But Norval waited till all was perfectly quiet before he stirred from his lair. He waited—it seemed hours—when the gongs in camp began to sound eleven. "Now for it," he thought, "or I shan't be back by midnight." So he crept up the bank again, across the path, and down the other side, close to the water, where the grass was longer, and helped to conceal him, as he lay full length on the very brink. Then began the work of drawing in the line: round and round he turned slowly, over and over, noiselessly winding the line round his chest, converting himself into a winch, until he had the cork in his hand. In the excitement he forgot himself for a moment; turning less cautiously than usual, his foot touched the water. The plash was heard. Again all were on the *qui vive* on the walls; but nothing seemed to come of it; so the sentries relapsed into quiescent confidence, and contented themselves with the thought, "There goes that fish again!" But it brought Norval back to his former prudence: more slowly and silently than ever he gathered round him the few feet of line that remained.

At last it was all done, and the plummet was in his hand! He now crawled back to Parker, touched him; the signal was passed on to the men, and the retreat began. This was a far more tedious and delicate affair: they now had the enemy, already startled, behind as well as in front. The slightest sound would have betrayed them, and all might have been undone. So, one by one, in single file, at short intervals, on hands and knees, they crept along, until they were within some fifty yards of the enemy's sentries. Now Norval, who was in advance, pulled up: all closed in: not a word was uttered. With bated breath they waited till the sentries had met and parted, and were on the extreme end of their beat again; then they rose cautiously on their feet, and, with a simultaneous spring, made for the lantern, which, by agreement, had been placed to guide them back to the battery, and were again safe and sound within their own lines.

There was Major Jones, only too ready to welcome them. Between night-rounds he had been constantly at the battery; for his anxiety was so intense that he could not rest in his tent. It is due to him to say, that, during those two weary hours of agonizing suspense, the brave old man had thought more of the danger of that "young madcap Norval," than of his own imperilled commission. The trembling voice and the convulsive grip with which he greeted the young engineer told how much he had gone through.

With a very fervent "Good-night," and "God bless you!" to him and to Parker, and with a kindly shake of the hand to each of the men, and the assurance that he should never forget how they had joined him in a venture of life or death, Norval made straight for the brigadier's tent. The old man was asleep; so, seeing a light in the chief-engineer's tent close by, he walked in, and said, "Colonel, I find the brigadier has turned in; so I come to you. If you'll kindly *unwind me*, you'll know the depth of the ditch under the fort rampart. Please tell the brigadier I will vouch for its accuracy."

"Tell me how you did it," said he, eagerly.

"Let me off for to-night, colonel. You shall hear all to-morrow, when in reporting it I may have to ask your forgiveness for unauthorized absence from camp after tattoo."

He had not left the tent many minutes, when the general awoke, and was told by his bearer that "Norval sahib" had been to see him, and had gone to the chief engineer. A note at once brought the colonel, with the line in his hand. Nothing would now satisfy the brigadier but that Norval should be sent for, as he could not sleep again till he had heard how it had been done.

"Captain Wilson!" he called out—for Wilson was his orderly officer, and was in attendance close at hand—"will you oblige me by telling Lieutenant Norval that I wish to see him at once. He has actually gone and plumbed the ditch!"

Captain Wilson, who was very comfortable, as he lay back in his easy-chair dozing over his *cheroot*, was not over well pleased to be thus disturbed, and still less for such an object. So he went on his errand in no very gracious mood. On reaching Norval's tent, he made straight for the *purdah*, and was going to lift it, when the bearer stopped him: "*Hookum na*," he said (which means, "The order is not to admit any one."

"I must see your master," Captain Wilson retorted haughtily, and was again moving to lift the *purdah*; but the bearer again interfered, and, joining his hands, deprecating Captain Wilson's entering the tent, said, "*Sahib girja parhtta hai*" ("My master is saying his prayers.")

Wilson turned contemptuously on his heel, saying, loud enough for Norval to hear, "Tell your master the brigadier sahib wants him immediately."

"'Saying his prayers!' hum! more cant and humbug, eh? Yet, did he expect I would come for him at this moment? No, it can't be!" (so Wilson thought himself as he walked back.) "There is no hypocrisy in this, at any rate. That man must be sincere. 'Saying his prayers!'" The sound of his own voice this time, in such very different tone from that in which the words were first uttered, set him musing; and his uncertain steps, now slow, now quick, betrayed that a struggle was going on in his mind, as he wended his way back to the brigadier's tent.

Norval the while had been, as his bearer had truly said, "saying his prayers!"—prayers overflowing with thankfulness that his life had been preserved. As he rose, he called to his servant, and asked for the packet he had put into his care. He opened it with tearful eye and trembling hand, as he thought how the contents might have told to his mother, and to her whom he hoped in time to make the partner of his life, the tale of his soldier's death. Again ascended from his heart the prayer of gratitude to Him into whose hands he had committed himself, for that he had gained his object and was safe.

He proceeded at once to the brigadier's tent. As he reached it he was accosted by Captain Wilson. "Norval, can you ever forgive me the wrongs I have done you in thought and act? I feel now how I have wronged you. Can you ever forgive me? May we not be friends? such a friend as you I need, or I am lost."

From that hour they were friends indeed.

The assault was made on the fort itself. And in a few months—the Victoria cross not having then been established—the *Gazette* which announced Lieutenant Norval's promotion to a regimental captaincy proclaimed him brevet-major.

Thus was the ditch plumbed, and many a life saved; and one heart was plumbed, too, and set in the way of being saved.

*A mahseer is a large fish met with in the rivers of Northern India, and highly prized by anglers as the Indian salmon.

From the Boston Traveller, May 16.

SAD FATE OF DANIEL WEBSTER'S GRANDSON.

A pitiable sight is presented in the accident ward of the City Hospital to-day. Lying upon a low cot bedstead, with his scarred body completely swathed in bandages, is the descendant of one of the greatest statesmen which the world ever produced. A man of high culture and good education, with thoughts and impulses of the highest order, has allowed himself to be dragged gradually downward, step by step, until, by his habits of dissipation, he has brought upon himself certain death. Daniel Webster Appleton is a grandson of the great statesman whose name he bore, and is only twenty-six years of age. He was at one time engaged in the study of law, in the course of which he became acquainted with a large number of associates who enticed him away from work, and into the practice of vice in many forms. Commencing with the hotel bar-rooms he descended to groggeries and brothels; until, finally, he was one of the lowest of the low drunkards who walk the streets of this city. Times without number he has been picked up in a helpless state of intoxication by the police and taken to the station-house, where, in consideration of his family, he was registered only as "disorderly," and discharged without being brought into court. Efforts were frequently and persistently made by his friends to effect a reformation, but although he would promise to do better, his moral nature was too weak to enable him to carry out his good intentions, and he would soon relapse into a state of sottishness. So degraded did he become that he would stand on the street corners when in a semi-imbecile condition from drink, and solicit money from the passers-by with which to secure the means of gratifying his appetite. Last September he married a young lady in Southbridge, and obtained a small farm there on which he set up housekeeping, with the avowed declaration to reform. But reformation was impossible.

Two months after his marriage he was again an inmate of a police station, and last evening he met with injuries which will probably result in his death. He got off from a train on the Old Colony Railroad at Neponset station, and was too drunk to stand upon the platform, falling helplessly on his face. He was lifted up by officer Stephen Moulton who took him in custody and locked him in a small wooden building which is used as a station house in that locality. Before turning the key, however, the usual search was made of Appleton's person, and it was presumed that his pockets were empty. Had this been the fact there would have been no necessity for writing this paragraph. Unfortunately, a match was left in his pocket, and after the officer had gone away, the prisoner laid down on his bed, lighted his pipe and began to smoke, throwing the match on the floor. It fell on a pile of straw which became ignited, and the flames slowly spread to the bed where the unfortunate man was then in a drunken slumber. The smoke soon began to pour through the windows, attracting the attention of people outside, and the fire was soon extinguished. The firemen entered the building and broke open the door of Appleton's cell, finding him in a horrible condition.

His clothing was nearly all burned off from his body and with the exception of a small speck on his breast, was literally covered with blisters. He was promptly removed to the City Hospital, where the physicians ascertained that notwithstanding the fearful ordeal through which he had passed, he was still intoxicated. An examination developed the fact that the burns were only of a superficial character, there being no evidence of internal injury, but that they were so extensive that it would be almost impossible for the patient to survive. His system is in a prostrate condition from the use of intoxicating liquor, which will probably incapacitate him from recovering from the shock.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A new dodge—frost-bitten potatoes sold for the Chili variety.

☞ Uncomfortable suits to wear—libel suits.

☞ The spendthrift's prayer—"Leave me a-loan, will you?"

☞ A collection of all kinds of potatoe bugs should be got for the Centennial.

☞ If the young woman who sends us the poem-sling on "Spring" will communicate her address, she will be exposed.—*Chicago Post.*

☞ A Troy (N. Y.) musician rejoices in the name of C. M. Whiskey. His forte is "Comin thro' the Rye."

☞ A grocer is willing to admit that honest tea is the best policy, but when it comes to coffee, he doesn't believe in running the thing into the ground.

☞ Two New York sparrows were sacrificed by a New Jersey landlord, who had heard that they would kill mosquitoes. He turned the poor birds loose in his house, and next morning only a few feathers and bones remained of them, while the mosquitoes sung a cheery song of triumph.

☞ The *Harwich* (Mass.) *Independent* says: "A wide-awake 'Cape Codist,' not a thousand miles from here, handed a letter to the postmaster to ascertain the weight of it. Being told that it was a trifle over one-half ounce, he was observed to take out his pen-knife and whittle the corners to its just weight, thereby saving three cents.

☞ An Indianapolis reporter announces that "cholera-producing currants, about the size of number eight shot, can be obtained in the market."

☞ Podology is the latest ology. It is the science of being able to tell a person's character and disposition by the bones of the leg and feet. It is not likely to come generally in vogue.

☞ "I want to buy a sewing machine," said an old lady, entering a shop. "Do you wish a machine with a feller?" inquired the shopman. "Goodness, no!" she exclaimed. "Don't want any of your fellers about me."

☞ A Norwich man has a new variety of grape. They have a delicate flavor, and the skins are useful for umbrella covers.

☞ A Kentucky paper says that the hogs are eating the 17 year locusts with great relish, "and so are the larger fowls."

☞ "In London no man thinks of blacking his own boots!" said a haughty Briton once to the late Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calfskin gaiters. "Whose boots does he black?" quietly responded Uncle Abe.

☞ A young lady says that a gentleman ought never to feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the object of his choice, "for in life, as in grammar, we always decline before we conjugate."

☞ "My son," said an affectionate mother to her son (who expected to be married very soon), you are getting very thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, when I come the next time you will be able to see my rib."

☞ A young lady in Camden, N. Y., dropped a newspaper on the bridge. A young gentleman who had not kept posted with the fashions picked it up and offered it to the young lady. She indignantly repudiated the ownership, and he is wondering what made her look so mad.

☞ Paris and many parts of France are afflicted by a plague of flies. They are ugly-looking, black, and sluggish, though they do not bite. Scientific men, in trying to class them, give them ugly names—such as phrygames, ichneumons, and hymenoptera. The popular belief is that these flies were generated by dead bodies, and they are commonly called Prussian flies.

☞ A curious case of spontaneous combustion is noted in Reading, Pa. A gentleman, after oiling some wood-work, left the piece of flannel he had used in a bowl with a small quantity of linseed oil, and placed it on the second-story balcony in the open air, intending to use them again. The following morning he found that the flannel had taken fire and been wholly consumed, the ashes remaining in the bowl.

☞ Two Massachusetts men came to blows a day or two ago in a dispute as to where a female relative, now in good health, and with fair prospects of a long life, shall be buried when she dies.

☞ Terriers of homœopathic size are the fashion in New York.

☞ The fashion of wearing white and black striped materials for dresses by ladies, is spoken of as "zebra mania."

☞ In a Florida court the crier had to wake up two of the jurymen to listen to the Judge's charge. They must have had a very dreamy idea of the evidence.

☞ They are so pressed with divorce business in Indiana, that they are getting very careless and hasty in their manner of doing it.

☞ "When I put my foot down," I'll have you to understand," says Mrs. Nojoker, "that there is something there." On investigation it appears to be a No. 11 shoe.

☞ That was a cool Scottish "aside" of an old dealer, who, when exhorting his son to practice honesty in his dealings, on the ground of its being the "best policy," quietly added, "I hae tried baith."

☞ The leader of some California robbers allowed a clergyman he was about to plunder to keep his money and valuables, on the promised condition that he would pray the worth of them for the band and its chief.

☞ A Bachelors' Union has been formed at Kalamazoo, Mich. We never heard of but one bachelors' union that was successful, and that was called marriage.

☞ "Prairie schooners" is the New Mexican term for mule wagons.

☞ The four-legged duck has made its way to the front; this year it is in Florida.

☞ A saloonist, at Janesville, Wisconsin, sells his customers whisky till they are drunk, and then locks them down cellar to sober off.

☞ Baby nurseries, where those little waifs whose mothers have to work in factories and elsewhere, can be cared for, are to be established in England.

☞ The white flag of innocence waves over the prison of Montiers, Switzerland, to indicate no criminals there.

☞ The Joliet, Illinois, penitentiary has 1508 convicts, the largest number held by any House of Correction in the Union.

☞ Engagement bracelets are the latest novelty. They are placed on the ladies' arms as soon as papa has given his consent, and then locked on by a small gold key.

☞ Mr. Taylor, of Lafayette, thought he would shear his mule's tail. The surgeon is assiduous in his attentions.

☞ The young bloods around town who have secured long credit on their spring suits are now saving up their money to purchase guitars. It would make a prosecuting attorney laugh to hear these chaps pulling away for dear life on the strings these moonlight nights about midnight, and warbling dulcet melodies that sound like a poll parrot on a strike for better food. The young nightingale who whoops up "My Pretty Jane," and "'Tis Moonlight's Sweetest Hour," on Lake street almost nightly, will hear of something to his advantage if he wakes "Pretty Jane's" male parent up some night.—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

BY MARIA LOUISA POOL.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

On the morning of the day before the marriage, William Branwell received the following letter, which was read to him by his secretary:

Mr. William Branwell, Branwell House, near Dorchester, N. P.

SIR—I received your note of last week desiring to know if I am ready to fulfil the promise made to your late uncle and my guardian. It was a promise which I have always considered sacred, and have expected its fulfilment; therefore I reply to your letter in the affirmative.

Here let me take occasion to say that when the contract of marriage is performed between us, the object for which my guardian required that promise from us will have been effected, and that from the moment the ceremony is completed we shall henceforward be as entire strangers to each other as we have always been. I believe you to be a gentleman, and you well know the love and gratitude I felt for my guardian was the sole motive that prompted me to accede to his dying request; therefore I know you will respect my wishes, and I presume they but coincide with your own.

As you stated in your note, I shall expect you on the evening of the 15th.

Very respectfully,

FERMOR LORILLARD.

William Branwell, leaning back in his lounging-chair in the library, listened intently to the reading of this epistle, and when it was finished he breathed a deep sigh of relief, and exclaimed—

"Thank Heaven! The girl has common sense!"

"Uncommon sense, I should say," observed the secretary, still holding the letter in his hand and looking at the clear characters apparently traced so rapidly. The secretary looked from the letter to his employer, whose head was thrown back against his chair, revealing the unhandsome face in the full light of the room—a light, alas! which Branwell could not see. He was entirely blind at that time, but with strong hopes that the affliction would prove but temporary. That green shade hid all the beauty of the man's face—his large, clear, passionate gray eyes, in whose varying shades was revealed the opulence of his nature.

"What sort of writing is it? Let me take the paper," said Branwell, stretching forth his hand and holding the sheet for a moment.

"I confess I like the chirography," was the reply; "it is graceful, but somehow I have the feeling that the girl is possessed of a devilish pride."

"You get that idea from the way the letter is worded," said Branwell, laying it down with a sigh that he could not see it.

"It would be a joke if you should fall in love with her—rather a hopeless case for you," said the secretary, with a laugh.

"An improbable case, also," was the response, "as I shall hardly be with her half an hour, and cannot see her; if she were Calypso herself, she could have but little effect upon me."

"You will, I suppose, settle part of the Branwell fortune upon her," said the secretary, interrogatively.

"I shall immediately make over half the property to her. Curious that my uncle would not name her his heiress, instead of making this arrangement for keeping the fortune in the family and giving it to her also. It is a very disagreeable affair, Morton."

"In truth, you do not seem to me to be a very exulting bridegroom," was the secretary's reply, with his semi-cynical smile.

As his companion spoke, Branwell leaning forward, felt for the letter on the table, and again took it up.

He felt a painful interest in this affair; it was every way so repulsive to him, and yet he could not withdraw honorably. His promise had been unequivocally given to his uncle a few weeks before he died, that the hand and fortune of the last of their family should be given to the adopted child of the childless old man. Then the nephew had departed upon his foreign tour, never having seen Fermor Lorillard, who was sent for from school a week later to attend the dying man, whom she loved with the enthusiasm which his tenderness had called into being.

"Well, Morton," Branwell said at last, "go and get me a new white vest and some gloves, and we'll take the afternoon train and away to the wedding. And, Morton," as the secretary rose, "secure our staterooms in the Asia, and learn when she starts."

As the door closed behind the retreating man, a breath of wind, entering, fluttered the paper from the fingers of Branwell and wafted it into the grate, where it curled up in the flames, and Branwell, as he detected the smell of the burning paper, thought—

"As it is the first, so it is the last letter that woman will ever write me. A wife whom I shall never love and never see! My uncle, you have prepared a strange future for us."

It was in a small house on the coast of Massachusetts—one of those thrifty little habitations which seem the index of prevailing New England life—that Fermor Lorillard awaited her affianced husband. During the interim between Mr. Branwell's death and the approaching marriage, some six months or more, Fermor had taught school in this Massachusetts village, which was her birthplace. Mr. Branwell had made no will, and she could claim no property. It was by this marriage that her guardian was to adjust everything, but previous to it she could not bring herself to consent to receive the proffered bounty of the nephew.

She sat in the prim sitting-room in the gray of the fall day. A penetrating, whistling, north-east rain-storm beat against the windows; from the bay came the sound of the regular, deep concussions of the lashed ocean against the rocks. Mrs. Trask, the widow with whom she boarded, was the only other person in the house; she began to fidget anxiously, to listen for wheels, to go to the window and peer out with hand-shaded face, then to glance at the girl who sat with arm curved along the table and head drooping slightly, her eyelids fallen so that the eyes seemed to rest on the strip of intenser light that lay along the floor from an opening in the stove.

"I am afraid the storm has detained them," at last she said, looking questioningly at the girl.

"In that case he will come to-morrow," she replied; then lifting her head quickly, said—"A carriage has stopped. I think he has arrived."

A shade of crimson flowed and ebbed in her face, leaving it transparently pale, with a strange sheen of light over it.

An imperative rap on the door, which Mrs. Trask tremulously answered.

"Miss Lorillard here!" questioned a rapid voice, as the speaker stepped into the little three-feet square entry to escape the rain. Fermor had risen and looked at the speaker with keen eyes.

Was this the man, this tall, elegant figure, with bland, good-natured, but sensuous face? She was not merely indifferent to this man, she felt a contempt for him.

"Yes, she is here," said the widow, deferentially.

The man had with rapid glance seen the figure in the background.

He uttered an abrupt "Pardon me?" and then ran down the yard.

"That, then, is not Mr. Branwell," breathed Fermor, to herself. "But why should I care?"

By this time Morton returned with Branwell's hand upon his arm. He led him to Fermor, and said:

"This is Mr. Branwell, and you, I am sure, are Miss Lorillard;" and Branwell bowed in silence, and felt for an instant the slightest touch from the girl's outstretched hand.

Then he turned from her and removed his wet outer coat, and leaned his arm upon the mantel by the fire, waiting helplessly for Morton to fulfil the instructions he had received.

Fermor sat down opposite Branwell, but not looking at him. She had not heard that he was blind, and she did not know but it was expected to be a permanent misfortune. One glance at his face as he stood there, reticent, proud, had made her unable to address a sentence to him, even had she wished to do so.

"Will you direct me to the nearest clergyman?" asked Morton, speaking to Mrs. Trask.

She told him, and he went away, leaving Mrs. Trask in a flutter that she was entirely alone in this great responsibility; and feeling a sudden, irresistible desire which she had not foreseen, she slipped out the back door, with a shawl drawn tightly over her head, and ran across the road to ask Mrs. Coal to come in as another witness, she having a vague idea that a marriage was hardly a marriage unless there were a dozen or more present.

Mrs. Coal had company—a lady who listened languidly to Mrs. Trask's hurried proposition, and when she ceased speaking, said, but with little show of interest—

"I believe I'll go over; it seems rather an odd time. You have no objections, I suppose?"

A voluble negative was the answer, and she drew a waterproof round her and went across the wet road and into the little sitting-room where were the man and woman in the same positions.

Fermor did not glance up at their entrance, supposing it was only the widow. The stranger drew back as if afraid of intruding, and pulled her hood far over her face.

Branwell raised his head slightly as he heard two enter, and listened if Fermor should greet them, curious to hear her voice but she said nothing.

A few moments after Morton returned with the minister, who at first was inclined to be slightly hilarious, as ministers are apt to be on such occasions, but he soon subsided into the quietness prevalent.

Then the two stood up, and the meagre Presbyterian service was said over them, and the minister prayed for their happiness. With a feeling of relief Fermor saw that Branwell produced no ring as a symbol of their union; he left her hand free as her life and heart should be.

When the ceremony was over, as Fermor turned to receive the greeting Mrs. Trask thought it necessary to give, she noticed for the first time the presence of the stranger, but it was only to see her figure gliding from the room.

The minister had left. Branwell stood for a moment silent, then he said:

"Miss Lorillard," unconscious he was using a name no longer hers, "I return now to my home. I fulfil, as becomes a gentleman, every wish you have intimated to me." He took a letter from his pocket and held it to her saying, "In this you will find instructions concerning your property, and I advise you, if necessary, to consult the family lawyer of the Branwells. In case of my death you will find in his possession a will that bequeaths to you the whole estate. We have now obeyed my uncle, your beloved guardian, and now good-by."

Again that slightest finger touch. Standing near him Fermor said in a low voice: "You have been as considerate as I could have wished, and I thank you. Good-by."

Morton, standing near them and looking at the girl, felt an undefinable sense of anger and admiration; wherefore, he could not tell. He said to himself:

"What a deuce of a time if either of these fine people fall in love with somebody some day!"

Branwell turned to him and took his arm; they entered their carriage, and an hour after were speeding homeward in the cars.

Then followed the swift journey across the water, the years of wandering in foreign lands, a life which left its vague impress upon soul and body—a life whose characters we shall read in that dim interpretation with which it is vouchsafed that one mortal may translate another.

An ocean steamer was moving over the calm sea with that steady but almost imperceptible motion which so annihilates space. A serene moon swung in the deep sapphire, and made afin the world of water and beauty.

In five years of absence, William Branwell has recovered sight and strength, and acquired something of the sad cynicism of the man of the world. He leans over the rail, not too hackneyed to feel the intensity of this night, wherein spring seems to pulsate in the azure and virescent sparkle of waters, to breathe in the blue above, for the bosom of March holds within it the love of June.

A flutter of garments near him, a faint evanishing perfume, and a lady had walked by and disappeared down the staircase. As he turned casually to look after her, the moving of something white a few feet from him made him step forward and pick up a handkerchief which the lady had dropped. What intangible essence floated to his senses, stirring that sleeping memory of a marriage on a stormy night years ago, when he had not seen the bride—a bride who seemed to him, as he thought, the mere fantasy of a vision, never a reality?

He slowly turned the handkerchief to the name in the corner, and the word set his thoughts seething in irrepressible interest and curiosity.

For the name was Lorillard.

The boat was half-way across the Atlantic, and Branwell had not noticed particularly any ladies on board. None had claimed more than the fleeting glance that one stranger gives another. The thrill of surprise died out in his heart as his reason told him how easy it might be for a Lorillard to be on board, but not the person in whom he could feel an interest; and if by chance it were that woman, then still less would he care to see her, for that tie, unwillingly assumed, and however lightly worn, was still galling when he thought of it; but his thoughts rarely took that direction.

The handkerchief swayed in his fingers strangely; it seemed to possess a subtle power over him—the power of recalling too vividly an event in that nightmare time when darkness encompassed him.

He put the handkerchief in his pocket, and moved slowly down into the saloon. The gilded splendor of the place shone in the light of the lamps. A few ladies lounged in the apartment, but the greater number were on deck or in their state-rooms. They were reading, or chatting softly with each other, and with the two or three gentlemen who had that despicable air of being on gallant duty.

Remote from these, at the piano, sat a lady whose gray dress and falling shawl seemed those of the one who had just passed Branwell.

He advanced toward her, but paused at a little distance, looking in surprise at this woman, who seemed to combine a marvellous beauty with a faultless grace.

She was very pale; she had probably kept her state-room until now, for Branwell had not seen her before. She sat leaning her elbow on the piano as she turned over some music there—turned it listlessly as if utterly annoied. She was blonde, not one of the washed-out blondes one sees so often, but richly, gloriously blonde, such as in the days of beauty the skies of Venice might have smiled upon. A face and figure for which any man might be pardoned the wildest extravagance.

As Branwell hesitated, startled into a quick admiration, the lady's fingers caressed the keys into a murmur of melody—a gurgle of harmony. Sweeping the written sheets aside, she gave to the instrument the voice, the smile of Undine ere she had known the grief and bliss of a soul—the tone of a Rhine Loreley, with no malice in its blandishments.

Apparently she had not seen the gentleman, who unconsciously advanced a step nearer, so that he stood by her chair. The music had been so low that it had not attracted the attention of the company, and Branwell stood alone with this stranger, who appealed in a double sense to him—by the power of memory, and by the wonderful influence of her presence.

Her hand left the keys, and after a moment she half turned in her seat, and saw with a look of surprise the man standing near her.

Ever self-possessed, Branwell spoke with the ease that so clearly betokens a man conversant with society.

"I rely on your kindness to pardon me, madame; I have only the poor apology for my intrusion, that I came to restore this. I am not mistaken in its owner, am I?"

He offered the delicate bit of lace and cambric as he spoke. She extended a hand, fair and ringless, and took the handkerchief, saying:

"I think your pardon is earned. Thank you, it is mine."

The voice was cultivated and smooth. Had he ever heard it before? It was not so entirely unlike other feminine voices of culture that he could tell certainly. He still lingered.

"And you are Miss Lorillard?" he said, watching her face.

It seemed impossible for her to prevent some indescribable expression from darting lightning-like across her face. Branwell saw it with a tingling of pride that was somehow allied to fear.

"I am Miss Lorillard," she said quietly.

Evidently this man desired the acquaintance of this woman, and very evidently, also it was not a rare thing in her experience.

"I pray you to grant me your indulgence again," he said, "and allow me to avail myself of the freedom of life on shipboard, to beg that I may consider myself presented to you without the aid of a common friend."

The sentence would have sounded formal in any other tone than the unusual one of mingled carelessness and flattering interest—careless of ceremony with the earnestness of personal regard.

She took the card he extended to her, looked at it, then glanced up at the gray eyes looking down on her.

"Mr. Branwell," she said, "you apologise in such a charming way that I not only pardon you, but acknowledge you as an acquaintance."

"I will confess," said Branwell, coming closer and resting his hand upon the piano, "that the name upon your handkerchief appealed to my curiosity, for in years past I have known those who bore the name of Lorillard. Am I speaking to an American?"

Had the lady wished to discover anything from that face she could have detected nothing beyond a complimentary interest—revealed unconsciously just enough to be very flattering, because there was nothing of forced *empressement* in it.

"I am an American," she said. "But the family of Lorillards to which I belong is obscure and impoverished. It is hardly possible that you could know them."

Her manner revealed that she did not care to converse upon that subject, and Branwell skilfully changed the conversation, all the time feeling unable to restrain himself from a curious watching of every look and gesture.

He was not superstitious, but in that first half hour with that beautiful woman he felt a strange depression, some lurid glimmer of an undefined evil. In all the beauty of the hour, the sheen of lights, the softness of music, the murmur of the woman's talk, he inwardly felt a vague foreboding, and smiled in self-derision at the feeling.

It was she who now led the conversation, gliding from one subject to another with the graceful *persiflage* which when well done is so attractive.

Branwell had lived too long in the world of society to be easily fascinated, but he felt the she exercised a charm as strong as it was strange. But in all this harmony there was one note which jangled harshly—a tone, an indescribable accent of her voice, that came now and then as she talked, which suggested to Branwell some untruth in her nature—something entirely at variance with her faultless loveliness.

He was not aware how long he had remained in the saloon, until glancing round he saw that there were but one or two persons present, and they half dozing away the hours of this incomparable night.

"I am intruding to an unconscionable length," he said at last; "I believe those people have regained their appreciation of this moon. Do you still retain sufficient sentiment to enjoy a moonlight promenade, as everybody else is doing?" he asked, taking his hat and withdrawing a step.

She rose and stood by the piano. Certainly there was a strange charm about her. Her most trivial movement seemed invested with some subtle attraction.

"I acknowledge the possession of sufficient sentiment," was her response, "but am not well enough to yield to any such temptation to-night."

Branwell was irritated that after all he should have lingered to receive his *congé* instead of going of his own desire. He gave one glance at the pallid face on which fatigue was plainly written, then bowed coldly and went upon deck.

It is true that a day on shipboard is like a tropic sun to acquaintanceship; we bloom into friendship in such a climate, when the cooler air of conventional land life would never warm us into a half existence. If there grew no friendship between Branwell and Miss Lorillard, there was a sort of familiarity not without strong attraction to Branwell, despite his often strengthened decision that he did not care for women who carried art and self-possession to such a degree.

Slowly a tinge of health returned to Miss Lorillard's face; an elasticity no less graceful took the place of the languor which had characterized her movements when Branwell had first seen her.

Accustomed to feel nothing but indifference toward all women, Branwell rather smiled at his folly in this passing fancy for one who had been a stranger to him a few days before.

It was the last night on board. A waning moon lifted its yellow disk above the eastern waters; its horizontal rays of gold fell upon Branwell and Miss Lorillard as they stood among a group of passengers on deck. That light, so full of all the ideality of romance, and above all when it pours over the sea, was not without its power upon that company, however practical they might be in the flaming daylight.

Perhaps the two, standing a little apart from the low-talking people, felt the approaching parting as a shadow of unpleasantness. They caught detached sentences from the talkers, of appointments to meet again, of addresses and invitations given.

Somewhat abruptly turning from them with his companion's hand on his arm, Branwell said in the tone of one who speaks of an absent friend casually:

"You have never betrayed any curiosity as to my interest in your name. Is it because you have felt none?"

The girl knew that his eyes were upon her; with a scarce perceptible tremor of eyelids she raised her glance and said:

"I only felt you had known, perhaps been intimate with some of that name."

Before she had finished speaking, her gaze wandered off to the molten line of moonlight that shimmered before them.

"On the contrary," said Branwel, "I have hardly met a Lorillard in my life, but there's a curious episode in the life of a friend of mine connected with the name which I remember. Shall I tell you of it?"

"Yes, if you will."

The man did not lose a look of that face as he had spoken. She seemed some way moved, yet her face and manner baffled him entirely.

Urged on by the overpowering desire to set at rest, if possible, the wild conjecture which had risen in his mind, Branwell went on.

"This man, owing to a combination of circumstances, was obliged to marry a lady, a Miss Lorillard, whom he had never seen, and curiously enough at the time of his marriage he was blind and could have no glimpse of the face of his bride. That mattered but little, however, to him, for he left her directly, and there ends the story, Miss Lorillard."

Branwell, despite her effort at control, could but be aware of some strong agitation holding sway over her. Some indescribable change came over her manner—a strange mixture of repellent reserve and rare, alluring kindness.

"And where is this man of strange experience now?" she asked.

"Oh, he became a famous traveller, I believe. It would be hazardous to guess at his location."

"And is he still blind?" she said softly.

"There were strong hopes of his recovery," said Branwell, as though all interest had left the tale, save that concerning the heroine of it.

"And when did that happen?" she inquired.

"It must be four or five years since."

"And the deserted wife?" said the girl, in a scarcely audible undertone.

"Deserted! Miss Lorillard, I did not give you to understand she was deserted, did I?" said Branwell, devouring the half-hidden phases of curiosity, sympathy, or whatever it was, upon that fair face.

"You said she was left; what else could I understand?" was the response.

"When a lady is left by her own command, it can hardly be said she is deserted," said Branwell.

Miss Lorillard's face flushed all over with a sudden feeling, as she said, with an eagerness ill subdued:

"Then the bridegroom left disconsolate? It was he who wore the willow of desertion? Does he still pine for the love he cannot have?"

"You put it very strongly," Branwell said; "did I not tell you it was a business transaction entirely?"

"And not an affair of the heart for either party?"

"For neither party."

Miss Lorillard laughed as she drew her shawl closer about her.

"By reducing your story to a mere business arrangement, do you know you have taken all the romance from it?" she said.

"And therefore all the charm?"

"Not absolutely. The story presents such delightful possibilities as to have a power."

"To what do you refer?" he asked.

"Why, of course," was the reply, "to the possibility of his eventually falling in love with his wife."

He turned and looked at her, and said with unconscious decision:

"But that is impossible. Husband and wife have never met, and never will. He has never seen her."

Miss Lorillard's face was suffused with some look that seemed to come from the depths of her nature, to struggle for recognition.

Averting her face as he spoke, and withdrawing her hand from his arm, she would have walked on without support; but a sudden, quick movement of the ship made her reel, and he caught her hand quickly, saying:

"Miss Lorillard, you forget that you are yet on shipboard."

Perhaps both knew that the emotion which with all her art she had not been able to subdue, was in some way related to the story to which she had just listened, but neither spoke of it. The next remark Miss Lorillard made was upon some other subject; and when they again passed near the stairway to the saloon, she said:

"Some haunting memory of my illness occasionally troubles me, and to-night is one of the times. So good-night, Mr. Branwell."

She stood distant and calm as she spoke, and that apparent withdrawal was more attractive to the man than any kindness would have been at that moment.

"And I shall not say good morning until the blessed vision of land is with us," he said, and watched her as she went down the stairs, then turned to walk the deck alone, the thought of her remaining with him with the tantalizing force of wondering incredulity. Had fate or Providence brought his wife on board this boat in which he was returning, for the first time since his marriage? The idea, absurd as it seemed to him in the light of common sense, recurred again and again, and brought with it the strongest feeling of recoiling from his future, of wonderment concerning this woman, whom casually he should say that any man might be proud to call his wife. Vainly, with some dark whispering of evil, he strove to read in that future some hint of the life which awaited him.

Morton, the only man he knew who was present at the marriage, was wandering in the far East—where he had not known for several years; for when he had recovered his sight he had had no further use for the volatile but kind hearted secretary. Mrs. Trask was dead, though he did not at that time know it. Everything concerning that marriage had been so secret, so hurried, even Branwell's most intimate friends did not know of it; and though he had taken no measures to conceal that episode in his life yet he never spoke of it and but rarely thought of it.

He was returning to the country seat which had been one of his uncle's possessions, though he had never of late years lived there; but the nephew had taken a fancy to the grand gloom of the oddly-constructed stone house, imagining that wealth and youth could make of it all that he could wish. Of his wife's relatives he knew nothing; he fancied he remembered his uncle's saying that she had none save those far removed, and his pride revolted against instituting inquiries among strangers as to the identity of his wife. It was, however, humiliating to the man to be thus held by circumstances which he felt he but half comprehended. But as in all these days past life had flowed, if not placidly for him, at least endurably, so in that enchanting moonlight of his return voyage he challenged Fate to the weaving of all her chains; there could be none which a heart like his, unloving and unloved, might not break or wear indifferently.

In the early gray of the day there was the rush and clatter of the approach to the harbor; passengers came on deck with wide, bright eyes fixed longingly on the dim town, whose lights gleamed through the mist of early half-light.

The boat touched at the wharf amid that rude jostling Branwell stood quiet, his eyes fixed on the direction from which Miss Lorillard must come; but the crowd decreased so rapidly, and she did not come, that he thought of going down after her, when she appeared, heavily wrapped, and walked forward without glancing round her, in such a way that Branwell could not advance to speak to her. He saw the profile of her beautiful face; cold and calm it looked in that gray light. "At least," thought Branwell with a smile of some bitterness, "it would not have been ill in her to have given me the adieu of a stranger. She need not have feared I would presume upon her favor."

Just as the driver was closing the door upon her in the carriage, she saw Branwell in the crowd. As she met his glance she leaned forward, making a salute of farewell with one hand. He returned it with distant deference; then she sank back upon her seat, and with the smile of some hidden thought upon her face rode on.

Branwell walked into the city, annoyed, dissatisfied. He had failed to learn aught of Miss Lorillard, even the place to which she was going. Absolutely all he knew of her was that she had been travelling in France previous to her return to America; that her home was in Massachusetts, but that she did not intend to return there directly. In thinking of his acquaintance with her, he remembered that he had casually mentioned his intended home, but otherwise had said nothing of his personal affairs. As he sauntered aimlessly along the streets, half scorning himself for the folly of remembering a woman whom he could not affirm he either liked or disliked, the carriage that held her dashed past him, and he saw again the face, and in the broadening light of day he fancied there was a glare of triumphant light in those golden eyes, some strange look of imperial triumph.

He turned suddenly up the steps to a hotel, saying to himself: "It shall be as if I had not seen her."—*Galaxy.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Two New York assemblymen were walking down State street, in Albany, after the passage of a certain bill. "I feel," said one of them, "as if I deserved to be kicked for voting for that bill." His friend replied, "That's just the way I feel myself; let's go up this alley and kick each other."

☞ The eight hour movement in New York assumes a more solemn aspect. The coffin makers have struck.

☞ Mrs. Ayres, of Birmingham, Eng., has been fined one hundred dollars for giving a poor servant-girl a good character.

☞ A woman committed suicide by hanging herself, recently, at Chepachet, R. I., the cause being, it is alleged, insanity produced by the use of hair dyes.

☞ A Sharon man stole a peck of dahlia roots under the impression that they were sweet potatoes. He feels the deception keenly.—*Danbury News.*

A Whole People's Opinion.

When a nation of forty millions accepts and endorses as a STANDARD RESTORATIVE an article that it has had the fullest opportunities of testing during a period of twelve years, who can be so absurdly incredulous as to doubt the excellence of the preparation? PLANTATION BITTERS has passed through this ordeal and is now the most popular proprietary medicine on this continent. It would be difficult to find an adult of either sex between the Atlantic and the Pacific, or between the north-east corner of Maine and the Gulf of Mexico, who does not know, either from personal experience or observation, that this renowned vegetable remedy is the purest tonic and stomachic and the finest alterative and regulating medicine at present before the world. As a preventive of, and cure for, diseases generated by malaria, and as a specific for dyspepsia, rheumatism, and all nervous and bilious affections, it is admitted to be absolutely unapproached. Plantation Bitters may be fairly pronounced the FAVORITE HOUSEHOLD TONIC AND ALTERATIVE of the Western Hemisphere.

☞ An Illinois farmer has sent to the paper of his village an article on the adulteration of milk. He thinks that if the cow was better underdrained, and the control of its internal revenue regulated by the Congressional districts, it would lay cocoanuts of a better quality with fifty per cent. more cream to the acre.

When applied with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche and accompanied with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as *constitutional* treatment Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy produces perfect cures of the worst cases of Catarrh and Ozena of many years standing. This thorough course of medication constitutes the only scientific, rational, safe and successful manner of treating this odious disease that has ever been offered to the afflicted. The instrument and two medicines sold for $2 by all Druggists. 5t4

Salesmen Wanted.

Messrs. Hamdin & Hart, Springfield, Ill., Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Manufacturers of the "Victor" Music Box, wish to employ 1500 Agents to sell their celebrated Music Box. The "Victor" is conceded by ALL to be the BEST, as well as the CHEAPEST instrument of its kind in use. This fact is proved by the very large demand for the instrument,—over 3000 having been sold during the past year. We manufacture two styles of cases, Rosewood and Walnut, both are mounted in Silver, and sell at the same price, viz: $12. The "Victor" plays 16 tunes, and is warranted for 5 years. A large commission will be allowed Agents who engage in the sale of this instrument. The business is particularly recommended to Lady Agents, being pleasant and profitable. To those who wish to act as agents in the sale of our "Victor Music Box," we will send one as a sample to sell by, upon receipt of $12 to pay for packing and express charges. Complete printed instructions, rate of commission, terms, &c., will be sent with the instruments, or upon application by letter, enclosing 3 cent stamp. Write name, County and State plainly. Address

HAMDIN & HART,
Springfield, Illinois.

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A Pitiful Condition.

It is a sad thing to pass through life only half alive. Yet there are thousands whose habitual condition is one of languor and debility. They complain of no specific disease; they suffer no positive pain; but they have no relish for anything which affords mental or sensuous pleasure. In nine cases out of ten this state of lassitude and torpor arises from a morbid stomach. Indigestion destroys the energy of both mind and body. When the waste of nature is not supplied by a due and regular assimilation of the food, every organ is starved, every function interrupted.

Now, what does common sense suggest under these circumstances of depression? The system needs rousing and strengthening; not merely for an hour or two, to sink afterward into a more pitiable condition than ever (as it assuredly would do if an ordinary alcoholic stimulant were resorted to,) but radically and permanently.

How is this desirable object to be accomplished? The answer to this question, founded on the unvarying experience of a quarter of a century, is easily given. Infuse new vigor into the digestive organs by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Do not waste time by administering temporary remedies, but wake the system up by recuperating the fountainhead of physical strength and energy, the great organ upon which all the other organs depend for their nurture and support.

By the time that a dozen doses of the great vegetable tonic and invigorant have been taken, the feeble frame of the dyspeptic will begin to feel its benign influence. Appetite will be created, and with appetite the capacity to digest what it craves. Persevere until the cure is complete—until healthful blood, fit to be the material of flesh and muscle, bone and nerve, and brain, flows through the channels of circulation, instead of the watery pabulum with which they have heretofore been imperfectly nourished. 1m

For Moth Patches, Freckles & Tan

Use PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION. The well known reliable and harmless remedy for Removing Brown Discolorations of the Face.

Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by every Druggist in Philadelphia, and elsewhere. mh30-3m

SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure Flesh Worms, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations of the Face.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere. mh30-3m

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.00 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($3.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.
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Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma is one of the best medicines in use.

☞ A little girl, who has been much exercised in mind in regard to steam boiler explosions, has hit upon a sure plan for preventing them in future: to wit, "Fill the boiler with iced water, and set it in a cool place."

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

Our club terms are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

4 copies, - - - - - $4.00
8 " (and one to getter-up of club,) - 12 00
14 " do. do. do. do. - 20.00
20 " do. do. do. do. - 28.00
50 " do. do. do. do. - 65.00

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts on Checks *payable to our order.*

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

GIRLS IN THE GARDEN.

If there is any one thing more beautiful than another in a garden of flowers, that thing is a beautiful girl, with a sun bonnet on her head so wide and capacious that you have to get right square before her and pretty near her, to see the glowing cheeks that are sure to be there if she is at all accustomed to garden walks and works. Physically, there can be nothing better for daughters, and, indeed, for many wives, than to take charge of a small flower garden. The benefits derived from early rising, stirring the soil, snuffing the pure morning air, are freshness and glow of cheek and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind and purity of heart. Consequently she must be more cheerful and lovely as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive and confiding as a wife. If you have not the door-yard ground, then get a dozen pots and plant the seeds of flowers to your taste. The care and attention required to rear and train the growing plants, occupies the mind to the exclusion oftentimes of senseless novel reading, a senseless waste of time. You listless, pale-faced, fragile thing of a girl, throw off your mock delicacy, put on gloves if you will, but work in the flower garden, till your cheeks vie in color with the blush of the rose you cultivate.—*Sacramento Bee.*

THE OLD TIMES.

There is a strange pain in coming suddenly upon some relic of one's lost youth—some lock of golden hair, cut when your hair, gentle lady, *was* golden which is so white now—some portrait painted when life was young, when the lips' red charm and the pride of the brow were in their prime, when the skin was satin which now is parchment. *You* feel it, too, strong man though you are, and your lip curls half sorrowfully, half scornfully, under your grizzled moustache, as you look at the face of boyish bloom which a wandering artist painted, a quarter of a century ago. Was that *you*—that young face, with the frank, fearless eyes which no care had made dim, the tell-tale color, the eager mouth? What were the ambitions of that old time? How different they were, those day dreams, from the sober schemes of to-day! How you hoped—how you trusted—with what sublime faith you looked on into the future! Now you are old, and the world is cold, and the rose-color of youth has faded into the sober gray of middle age. This is a better thing, you try to think—you are wiser, you are stronger—but there is a little pain, nevertheless, a sigh of longing for the "something sweet" which

"Followed youth with flying feet,
And can never come again."

Men Shooting Their Own Officers in Battle.

It is very well known that a great many officers, when they go into battle, have comparatively little fear of the enemy, but a great deal of their own men. "Wait till we go into action together, that's all," is an unpleasant reflection which has been known not unfrequently to fall from the lips of a private in reference to an officer against whom he has a grudge. Many years ago, a very tyrannical young Captain, in the British army, who became disagreeably conscious at the eleventh hour of having abused his authority, addressed his company on the eve of a great action, beseeching their pardon. "We've something else to think about than you and your deeds now, sir," was the stern and not very reassuring reply. The recollection of this circumstance is recalled by the death of a young officer in India by the hand of a private in the regiment. Of the merits of the case we know nothing, but it is remarkable that this is the fifth or sixth instance of the kind within a few years. Petty tyranny is unfortunately to be found in all services, and all countries, and such occurrences as these are a warning to those who have any tendency toward it.

A TRUE LADY.

"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

A Warning to Rich Old Bachelors.

It is not safe to trifle with the affections of the factory girls of Providence. They are expensive commodities, and if damaged, have to be paid for at ruinous rates. An imprudent but wealthy bachelor of sixty-nine was wont to rise at six o'clock in the morning to walk to the mill with Julia Vallot. Julia became sick, and he gave her a pair of stout shoes and lent her his book of mortgages to read. Afterwards he took her to ride, and in an unguarded moment the ardor of the venerable swain led him to make proposals of matrimony. They were accepted, and when the ancient lover in his cooler moments desired to retreat, and offered a dollar to settle with Julia, he found himself caught in the gauzy meshes of Julia's web. A suit for breach of promise followed, and $14,000 was allowed by the intelligent jury as the value to Julia of her venerable bachelor.

☞ The largest income in Morgan county, Indiana, is returned by a woman.

HER SPHERE.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

No outward sign her angelhood revealed,
Save that her eyes were wondrous mild and fair,
The aureole round her forehead was concealed
By the pale glory of her shining hair.

She bore the yoke and wore the name of wife
To one who made her tenderness and grace
A mere convenience of his narrow life,
And put a seraph in a servant's place.

She cheered his meagre hearth—she blessed and warmed
His poverty, and met its harsh demands
With meek, unvarying patience, and performed
Its menial tasks with stained and battered hands.

She nursed his children through their helpless years—
Gave them her strength, her youth, her beauty's prime—
More for them sore privation, toil, and tears,
Which made her old and tired before her time!

And when fierce fever smote him with its blight,
Her calm consoling presence charmed his pain;
Through long and thankless watches, day and night,
Her fluttering fingers cooled his face like rain.

With soft magnetic touch and murmurs sweet,
She brought him sleep; and stilled his fretful moan,
And taught his dying pulses to repeat
The mild and moderate measure of her own.

She had an artist's quick, perceptive eyes
For all the beautiful; a poet's heart
For every changing phase of earth and skies,
And all things fair in nature and in art.

She looked with all a woman's keen delight
On jewels rich and dainty drapery,
Rare fabrics and soft hues—the happy right
Of those more favored but less fair than she.

On pallid pearls, with glimmer cool and white,
Dimming proud foreheads with their purity;
On silks which gleam and ripple in the light,
And shift and shimmer like the Summer sea;

On gems like drops by sudden sunlight kissed,
When fall the last large brilliants of the rain;
On laces delicate as frozen mist
Embroidering a Winter window-pane—

Yet near the throng of worldly butterflies,
She dwelt, a chrysalis in homely brown;
With costliest splendor flaunting in her eyes,
She went her dull way in a gingham gown.

Hedged in by alien hearts, unloved, alone,
With slender shoulders bowed beneath their load,
She trod the path that Fate had made her own,
Nor met one kindred spirit on the road.

Slowly the years rolled onward; and at last,
When the bruised reed was broken, and her soul
Knew its sad term of earthly bondage past,
And felt its nearness to the heavenly goal,

Then a strange gladness filled the tender eyes,
Which gazed afar beyond all grief and ein,
And seemed to see the gates of Paradise
Unclosing for her feet to enter in.

Vainly the master she had served so long
Clasped her worn hands, and, with remorseful tears,
Cried: "Stay, oh, stay! Forgive my bitter wrong;
Let me atone for all these dreary years!"

Alas for heedless hearts and blinded sense!
With what faint welcome and what meagre fare,
What mean subjections and small recompense,
We entertain our angels unaware!

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

JAPANESE GIRLS.

The Japanese maidens in Washington are making an excellent impression upon those whom they meet, and learn the accomplishments and fall into the general routine of cultivated American society very easily. A correspondent of a New York paper recently had the pleasure, for such he considered it, of playing croquet with three of them, for they have come to understand the game as well as Ah Sin, from a sister empire, did euchre. They are reported to be quite pretty and graceful in the extreme, and they take kindly to the American dress, which they are now able to dispose with as striking effect as the best-trained Fifth Avenue belle, though some awkwardness was manifested at first, they having been quite as apt to appear with morning robes bottom side up or wrong side out, as the right way. They are not princesses, but daughters of the nobility, and are now under the direct charge of Mr. Mori, chief of the embassy, who one day had to be summoned to preserve discipline among them. The American habit of staring gives them a great deal of trouble, and is an impertinence which they are never guilty of, their manners in general being unexceptionable. Their English is very good, considering the time they have spent upon it, though they think that Americans talk very fast, and have a great many Charlies among them. On the whole, the prospect is that, when their educations have been completed, in ten years from now, they will compare favorably with their Caucasian sisters, and prove the experiment a success.

THE BURDETT-COUTTS BANK.

Miss Burdett-Coutts is well known as a woman of large wealth, who loves to use her riches for noble objects. Her father founded the bank, which has proved so lucrative, and owed his first success to a wise liberality.

A distinguished peer had been refused a loan of ten thousand pounds sterling by a London bank. Mr. Coutts heard of it, sent a request to the lord to call at his office, and offered to make the loan.

The peer, surprised, said, "I can give you no security."

"Your lordship's note of hand will be *quite* sufficient," was the prompt reply.

The peer accepted the loan, and left five thousand of it on deposit in the bank. The story soon found a wide circulation. Other peers transferred their funds. The King's curiosity was aroused, and, after a personal interview, he was so pleased with the modesty and intelligence of the banker that he made him the custodian of the royal funds. The court followed the example of the king, and the bank became the favorite of the English aristocracy.

A Story of a Charming Young Lady.

A very touching little story is told in the Hartford Times by a gentleman who knows the facts. A charming young lady of Hartford, whose generous heart was equal to the task of loving any number of handsome young men, succeeded in bewitching ten of the most promising of the entire lot, and was engaged to all of 'em at the same time. She knew not which to take, and at last, determined to settle the question, held a council with a sister of one of the young men. She would fain have all ten, but the law forbade. Finally she chose the brother of her young friend; but, alas for her hopes, the sister told the story. Nine of the victims living in Hartford held a council, and agreed to abandon the field and to telegraph to the tenth, who lived in New Haven. This was the dispatch:

Mr. ———, New Haven.—Your affianced known to be engaged to nine other fellows. Rest of Trinity College not heard from. Come quick, or you will lose her.

The New Havener arrived on the first train, learned the situation of affairs and then—well, he returned to the City of Elms a sadder and a wiser man. He, of all that unfortunate ten, was truly in love, and now he has lost all faith in human nature.

AN OLD GENIUS.

An antiquated will has been found in Pennsylvania, containing the following eccentric directions for the funeral:

"I do hereby order my executors to put no new linen about my dead body, but put my worst shirt on it, and my worst handkerchief on the head, and the worst drawers and breeches on my body, and the worst stockings on my legs and feet, and invite my neighbors to come to my spouse, who shall treat them in moderation with a barrel of cider and two gallons of rum or other spirituous drink, and a bushel of wheat flour baked into cakes; and when they are ready to carry the corpse, then in the house or yard read the foregoing and following part of this testament loudly, so that all may hear it."

AMERICAN TRAITS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

In the following article, taken from an English magazine, the observations of the writer upon American character and enatome strike us as being unusually just and correct. As a rule, the English tourist seems to arrive at the most preposterous conclusions respecting life in this country; witness the article we gave two weeks ago upon American "Go-Ahead Girls:"—

That respect for the will of the majority which is inculcated by democratic institutions has exercised a decided influence over the social, no less than the political, life of the people of the United States. It has not only had the effect of preventing the development of individuality of character, but it has also considerably modified that obstinacy of temper which is one of the most strongly-marked characteristics of the so-called Anglo-Saxon race.

"An Englishman never knows when he is beaten," one often hears it triumphantly said in this country. But this very unwillingness to admit defeat, however admirable a quality on the battle-field, is not quite so desirable a one in social life, when it assumes the form of an utter deafness to reason and argument.

Now, the inhabitants of the American Union are singularly devoid of this dogged tenacity of opinion. Mr. Disraeli said on one occasion, in the House of Commons, that a friend of his, who had spent some time in the United States, had declared it to be his conviction that the Americans "were the most tractable people in the world." And in saying this, he did them no more than simple justice.

This phase of the national character finds, indeed, an illustration in one department of American literature. Let the reader take up any collection of anecdotes from the States, and he will, if he looks a little below the surface, almost invariably discover in it evidence of the readiness with which the American, when in the wrong, or worsted in argument, admits himself to be so. The evidence in question is all the more reliable from the fact that it is purely incidental. Of the many thousand anecdotes, for instance, to be found in the pages of Harper's Magazine, there is not one the object of which is to call attention to this national trait. On the contrary, the narrators of the various stories are obviously quite unconscious of its existence; and yet how frequently does it manifest itself! The individuals, indeed, who figure in the majority of the anecdotes referred to, do not belong to the educated classes, and the language they make use of is, frequently, neither elegant nor grammatical; but their readiness to admit themselves to have been in error is unmistakable, and finds expression in such phrases as, "Well, I own the corn;" "You have me there, and no mistake;" "You may take my hat;" "I'm a dead beat, and that's a fact," &c.

One result of the absence of marked individuality of character in the United States is the circumstance, that, in social life, people—to use a colloquialism—"get on" together better than they do here, where a man's idiosyncrasies are very apt to clash with those of his neighbor.

When, in fact, Benjamin Franklin said, "No house is large enough to hold two families," he uttered an aphorism suggested by the experience of many years' residence in England; or, if warranted as regards his own land, warranted simply by the fact that the influence of her new institutions had not yet had time to make itself generally felt. For there is no country—not even France—where various families can and do live in such harmony under the same roof as in the United States. In the larger cities especially, where house-rents are exceedingly high, it is frequently the case that the married sons and daughters of a family will live in the same house with their parents, for years in succession, in peace and quietness.

A mother-in-law, again, is far from being the *bête noire* in the States that she is in this country, where there seems to exist a species a chronic antagonism between most married men and their wives' mothers. "Strange infatuation of the human intellect!" says Thackeray, "there is, not unfrequently, a period in a man's life, before marriage, when, so far from regarding his future mother-in-law with dislike, he positively feels a certain degree of affection for her." Was it not Douglas Jerrold, too, who said, that on "the day of a woman's marriage her mother should sacrifice herself at the altar, as a propitiatory offering to secure her son-in-law's future happiness?" Indeed, English literature is full of references to the incompatibility supposed to exist between the members of a family standing in the above relations to each other.

This state of feeling certainly does not prevail to any appreciable extent in America, as will be seen from the following slight anecdote, which pretty fairly illustrates the difference of national sentiment on the subject.

In the clever two-act comedy entitled "The Little Treasurer," part of the plot hinges on the fact that a husband has quarrelled with his wife, on account of the interference of her mother (who resides with them) in their domestic affairs. In one scene, a friend is explaining to the daughter of this couple how the difference between them arose, and he premises his statement by saying that "it is a law—though an unwritten one—that no man shall live in peace and quietness in the same house with his mother-in-law."

Now, the writer has seen the piece in question, more than once, in both New York and London. *Here* the sentence quoted never fails to elicit from the audience some tokens of approval; *there* it is heard in absolute silence, the American having no sympathy with the sentiments expressed, and therefore failing to appreciate the jest.

The relations, too, existing between parents and children in America are of the most satisfactory character, notwithstanding, or rather, perhaps, in consequence of the indulgence with which the latter are treated. "I never saw," says the author of "Vanity Fair," "people on better terms with each other, more frank, affectionate and cordial, than the parents and the grown-up young folks in the United States. And why? Because they are spoiled, to be sure! I say to you, get the confidence of yours, before the day comes of revolt and independence, after which love returneth not."

Unquestionably, the law of primogeniture has influenced, in some measure, the relations existing between father and son in this country. The younger members of a family can, indeed, scarcely fail to feel, and tardily, at least, resent, the invidious distinction made, both by law and custom, in favor of the first-born. It is not simply that in the case of entailed estates the bulk of the property goes to the one son, but only too frequently all the father's love, pride, and aspirations for the future of the family seem centered in the *heir*, to the exclusion of his other children, who, as near to him in blood should be equally so in affection. To aggrandize his future successor, that he may be enabled to sustain handsomely the family name and position, the interests of his younger brethren are not unseldom sacrificed. Of this feeling we recently had an illustration, when a nobleman, whose rent-roll has been estimated at over four hundred thousand pounds per annum, left nearly the whole of this vast property, comprising several unentailed estates, to his eldest son, bequeathing the comparative pittance of two thousand a year to the second.

In America, not only is there no law in favor of primogeniture, but there is incorporated in the code of every State in the Union a more or less stringent one against it; any clause inserted in a will, with a view to entailing or attempting to entail an estate being absolutely null and void. When Daniel Webster, who enjoyed, and justly, the reputation of being one of the most eminent jurists in the United States, made his will, he exercised all his ingenuity in endeavoring so to word the instrument as to enable him to keep "Marshfield," his homestead, in the family of his eldest son; or, in other words, he sought to create a species of entail. But the attempt was unsuccessful. The will was disputed by those members of the family whose interests were injuriously affected by it; and the Massachusetts judges were unanimous in their decision that the provision in question was *contra bonos mores* and in direct contravention of the laws of the State.

I may observe here, *en passant*, that it is rather a curious commentary upon the inconsistencies of human nature, that Webster—the "great expounder of the Constitution," the champion of *law, par excellence*—should, in one of the most important acts of his life, have made a deliberate attempt to evade the operation of the laws of his country. He was, however, quite exceptional in his desire to entail his estate. As a rule, the feeling, created and fostered here by law and usage in favor of the eldest son, is, practically, non-existent in the United States, where a man in making a disposition of his property rarely evinces a preference for one child over another.

In the State of New York, and, I believe, in nearly every one of the Northern and Eastern States, the law is, that, when a married man dies intestate, his widow shall enjoy a life interest in one-third of his real and personal estate, and that the remaining two-thirds shall be equally divided among his children. So eminently just is felt to be this law, and so entirely is it in harmony with the sentiments of the community, that very many persons never deem it necessary to make a will at all, being perfectly content with the machinery the State has provided for the distribution of their property. And as there is, or rather was—for I speak of the period before the imposition of the "war taxes"—neither legacy, succession, nor probate duty in America, no loss accrues to a man's family from the circumstance of his not having made a testamentary disposition of his estate.

In fact, so far is the feeling carried in the United States, that all a man's children should be equal sharers in whatever property he leaves behind him, that in those instances where a will has been made leaving more to one son or daughter than the others, and it has been contested on the ground of "undue influence," the courts of law have generally, in their decisions, leaned to the opinion that the very fact of the apportionment being unequal was *primâ facie* evidence of undue influence having been exercised over the testator, to be rebutted only by proof that some substantial reason, and not mere caprice, had dictated the apparently unfair preference for one child over another.

The correctness of Thackeray's remarks on the character of the relations existing between parents and children in the United States finds, incidentally, confirmation in the literature of that country. In the works of no American author are to be found the scenes of domestic dissension and unhappiness portrayed in those of English writers; and for the simple reason, that such phases of human life have not come under the observation of the former. The great passions, indeed—love, hate, revenge—play their part in the writings of American novelists, as they do in the literature of every nation. But such scenes of domestic discord as those painted so graphically in "The Newcomes," and "The Adventures of Philip," could by no possibility occur in the state of society which exists in the United States; for, in nearly every instance, these dissensions arise from the circumstance that the elder members of the family neither recognize the individuality, nor respect the rights of the younger, and in America they do both.

It is not my purpose, in this paper, to enter into an elaborate disquisition upon the character of the people of the United States, my object being simply to touch briefly upon some of their more prominent national traits; but there is one accusation brought against them which must not pass unnoticed—that of being a thoroughly ill-mannered nation—an accusation so persistently reiterated, that it has obtained almost universal credence in this country.

Nearly every English traveller has some tale to tell of the rudeness and incivility he has met with from the lower classes in America; and, *primâ facie*, it would appear that complaints so general must be well founded. But it is not so. The annoyances to which these gentlemen have been subjected have arisen, almost invariably, from their failing to properly appreciate the difference existing between the social system of the Americans and that of their own people.

In this country, the separation of the various grades of society has had a marked effect upon the *morale* of what are termed the "lower classes." The man in fustian cannot understand why he should render even the most trifling civility to the man in broadcloth without being paid for it. If you only so much as inquire your way of a man having the appearance of a mechanic, and he goes a few steps out of his path to show it to you, he will—five times out of six—even if he do not ask for a gratuity, show palpably by his manner that he expects one. On the other hand, a gentleman would scarcely accept the slightest civility from a man of an inferior class without payment, even if none were demanded or expected. He *pays* for it to mark that he does not regard what has been done for him in the light of an act of courtesy from man to man but as a service rendered him by a being so inferior to himself that there can be nothing in common between them. The rich man, in fact, exacts, on most occasions, a servile deference from the poor one—and *pays* for it; while the latter has so little self-respect that he is only too willing to *be* paid.

No inequality of position or circumstance, however, will make a native of any portion of the United States submit to being dealt with in the manner, or spoken to in the tone, which, in this country, the "man in broadcloth" adopts as a matter of course towards the "man in fustian." No one, perhaps, has a keener appreciation of the advantages of wealth and education than the American; but that the possessor of them should feel justified in using towards him the language of a superior to an inferior is what he cannot understand, and will not for one moment put up with. An anecdote related of the elder Mathews, when in New York, well illustrates this phase of the national character. Walking up Broadway one day, he addressed an individual, having the appearance of a mechanic, in these terms: "My good man, I want to go to Franklin street"—"Then why the devil don't you go there?" was the uncivil reply.

Now, I have heard this story quoted as showing the rudeness of the lower orders in the United States. But it was, I have no doubt, the unlucky phrase "My good man," and the patronizing tone in which it may be inferred that such words would be uttered, that roused the gall of the individual spoken to, and provoked a discourteous retort. The inquiry, differently put, would not only have elicited a civil answer from ninety nine out of a hundred of those to whom it might have been addressed, but they would—seeing he was a foreigner—have shown a courteous readiness to afford him any information in their power; and that, too, without the slightest expectation of fee or reward. Indeed, the offer of a gratuity under such circumstances would be resented by the poorest American as an insult.

That the national independence of character may occasionally be pushed too far, and degenerate into offensive self-assertion, must, however, be admitted. Thus it is related of a stage-driver in one of the Western States, that, on entering a tavern in search of a passenger, he addressed the solitary occupant of the bar-room in these terms: "Are you the man that's going by this here stage?" adding, as the reason for his making the inquiry, "I'm the gentleman that drives it."

This is ridiculous enough; but such cases are, in the older settled States, at least, quite exceptional; and it would be most unfair to regard the individual who figures in the above anecdote as the representative of other than a limited class in *any* section of the country.

So far, indeed, as my observation has extended, not only is the American of the poorer classes better mannered than the Englishman of the same grade, but so superior is he in this respect, that no comparison can fairly be instituted between them.

Any one who returns to this country, after having spent some time on the Continent or in the United States, cannot, in fact, but be struck by the coarseness—I might almost say the brutality—of the lower classes; at least, of such of them as the eye falls upon in the public streets. In the rough practical jokes, in the "chaff," in which they so liberally indulge amongst themselves, the desire to inflict pain or annoyance is, almost always, the basis of their wit. Treating each other with habitual rudeness, it follows that the show of courtesy they put on towards those above them is prompted simply by the desire of gain. Their civility is, in fact, little better than servility.

The American, on the other hand, however humble in position, has a keen sense of personal dignity; no taste for horse-play; and, prompt to resent an impertinence or an insult, is equally slow, unprovoked, to offer either.

The difference in morals as well as in manners between the lower classes in the two countries is rather significantly illustrated by the fact, that, during a residence of upwards of seventeen years in New York, the writer cannot call to mind a single instance of any *native* American citizen appearing at the bar of a police court on the charge of wife-beating. And as to drunkenness, more intoxicated men, and women too, may be seen in the streets of London in one day, than in those of any city of the United States in six months.

The admirable system of public schools—in which a purely gratuitous education is offered to all alike—which exists throughout the whole of the Northern and Eastern States, has done very much to elevate the moral as well as the intellectual character of the people. In New England the percentage of crime to population is less than that of any European country, with the exception, possibly of Holland. Even the State of New York—the chief city of which is the common receptacle for ignorance, poverty and crime from all parts of Europe—presents a very fair record in this respect; and, if the foreign population be eliminated from the calculation, an excellent one. Few persons, indeed, are aware how much this same foreign population contributes to the statistics of crime in America. In the State of New York alone *seventy* per cent. of all the offences which are brought under the cognizance of the tribunals are committed by individuals of Irish parentage, while the fair proportion of this class would be less than *twenty* per cent.

As an evidence of the moral development of the people which has resulted from education, may be adduced the readiness with which they are disposed to subordinate their individual preferences to what they consider to be for the good of the commonwealth; of this the "Prohibitory Liquor Law" is a conspicuous example. Whatever differences of opinion may exist in this country as to the abstract merits of such a law, there can be, I conceive, no question but that the very fact of its existence pre-supposes a considerable amount of self-denial on the part of a large number of those who have been instrumental in passing it. Many thousands, in fact, in various States, voted for what is known as the "Maine" law, who had never been, nor were ever likely to be, guilty of excess themselves; but who denied themselves what they believed to be a perfectly innocent indulgence, purely for the sake of those of their fellow-citizens less able to exercise self-control.

The American is proverbially sensitive—almost morbidly so—as to what is said of his country by foreigners. Curtis, perhaps, scarcely exaggerated when he asserted that after the disaster at Bull's Run, what troubled his countrymen most was not the reverse their arms had sustained—that they knew they should retrieve—but the thought of what the Times' correspondent would say about it. But this very thin-skinnedness—though a defect in the national character, as evincing a certain lack of dignity—has yet its counterbalancing advantages. The sufferer writhes and cries out under the lash of his critics; but his punishment makes a permanent impression on him, and he sets himself seriously to work to correct the faults or follies which have been condemned or satirized.

Many years ago, when Mrs. Trollope visited New York, the occupants of the upper tiers of boxes of the Park Theatre were in the habit, between the acts, of resting their legs upon the balustrade in front of them, and were guilty of other breaches of etiquette. But so much did the people take to heart what the lady said of them in her book, that, for years afterwards, if any of the practices she had commented on were indulged in, a cry was raised of "A Trollope! a Trollope!" and the offending individual was obliged to desist. At the present day the propriety, the order, the courtesy of manner to each other, of an American audience, are remarkable. A play, too, is seldom or never, what is termed in theatrical parlance, *damned*. If a performance does not please those who witness it, they show their dissatisfaction only by silence, being apparently of Lovelace's opinion, that to "manifest dislike to a play by tumultuous disapprobation" is in bad taste. The only exceptions I can remember to this rule were when a performer was guilty of some violation of decorum, by either word or gesture; and then he has been dealt with sharply enough.

Before concluding these desultory observations upon American traits, I may observe, that any Englishman who returns home, after a residence of some years in the United States, cannot but be struck by the ignorance which exists here, both with regard to the institutions and character of the people of that country—an ignorance, be it said, infinitely more inexcusable than that so frequently imputed to the French in respect to us. For them, indeed, may be pleaded the excuses of difference of race and language—the latter an almost insuperable barrier to the thorough comprehension of the idiosyncrasies of a people. But of the Americans—derived from a common stock, and speaking the same tongue as ourselves—we absolutely know less than we do of any Continental nation. Even of the geography of the United States the English people are, as a rule, curiously ignorant.

One explanation of our ignorance of the social characteristics of the Americans may be found in the fact that our impressions of them are partly derived from the books of travellers who, in hurried journeys through the States, have simply noted such superficial traits of the people as came under their observation in hotels, railroads, and steamboats; but also, in still greater degree, I conceive, from those English works of fiction in which natives of the United States have been introduced, the individuals therein delineated being very generally accepted by the majority of our readers as fair types of the American. In nearly every one of these works, the American figures in either an odious or a ridiculous aspect. To say nothing of those portions of "Martin Chuzzlewit," the scene of which is laid in the United States, I may mention Richard Avernal in Bulwer's "My Novel;" the Colonel in Lever's "One of Them;" Fullalove in Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash;" the younger Fenton in Yates's "Black Sheep;" and the American in "Mugby Junction." In every instance, whether represented as a man of good social position and presumably fair education, or not, he is made to express himself in a dialect happily combining all the peculiarities of speech of each section of the country from Maine to Texas; and such as, it may safely be affirmed, was never yet heard from the lips of any human being.

It is the same on the stage. In "Our American Cousin," Lord Dundreary is accepted for what it is, an exceedingly clever representation of an individual idiosyncrasy. Asa Trenchard, on the other hand, is received by the audience as a fair type not only of a class, but of a people. Yet Mr. Buckstone, excellent as he is in his own line, no far from giving a fair likeness of the Yankee, does not even present a carricature of him; that is, if carricature be understood in its proper sense, i. e., the humorous or ridiculous exaggeration of features or habits peculiar to the individual or species. Asa Trenchard on the Haymarket stage is simply a vulgar cockney, with a habit of speaking through his nose; and it appears strangely inconsistent that a delicate-minded, refined woman like Mary Meredith should tolerate the addresses of such a man. When the play in question was originally produced in New York, Jefferson, of Rip Van Winkle fame, was the Asa Trenchard; and in his hands the character became a fair, unexaggerated type of the native of New England—cool, clear-headed, brave, warm-hearted, but ignorant of the conventionalities of society. *Here* it would have been *caviare* to the mass of playgoers, their preconceived idea of the character being so totally different.

In closing this paper I may add that the opinions expressed have not been lightly hazarded, but are the result of careful observation of the characteristics of the American people.

CLOUD PICTURES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

When the last laggard bee comes home
From out the red-topped clover,
When all the evening chores are done,
And milking time is over,
Within the low-roofed vine-clad porch
The family group are sitting,
The boys with flute and violin,
The mother with her knitting.

While tarrying at his Western door,
The Sun, a royal lover,
Kisses the face of blushing Eve,
Which jealous Night will cover;
Then slowly fading, sinking low,
He leaves a lingering splendor,
Which touches every floating cloud
With tintings, warm and tender.

And as we watch each gorgeous peak
Take hue and form resplendent,
'Twixt earth and Heaven we seem to see
A shining city pendent.
To us belong each lofty tower,
Aerial dome and steeple,
Though to the world at large we seem
But plain, old-country people.

Sometimes we see a white-winged ship,
All in the summer weather,
And Franz and August, Lotte and I,
Sail o'er the seas together,
Towards the glowing midnight Sun,
Where Norway's ice-peak towers,
Or glide 'mongst tropic isles, perfumed
With brilliant southern flowers.

And August sees a pleasant land
With smiling vineyards laden,
A little cottage wherein dwells
A blue-eyed German maiden;
And sloping hills, with verdure crowned,
Or golden wheat-fields waving,
While broad and smooth the river winds,
The valley gently laving.

And, musing on the pictured clouds,
Our Lotte her eyes are turning,
She proves herself a scholar apt,
Her sweet life lesson learning;
By countless signs, we know her thoughts
Afar from here are tending,
And guess the hope, which to her eyes
A softer light is lending.

But Franz and I are "fancy free,"
And smile at lovers' sighing;
He sees no cottage in the clouds,
But flags and banners flying;
He points out many a serried rank
Of crimson-hued battalions,
Then talks of frowning castled heights,
And crosses, and medallions.

And I—I watch the flaming West,
With girlish fancies idle,
I hear a hundred bugles wells
Swing out a silver bridal,
A brazen note—at once I leave
My castle all unfinished,
And breast with Franz the battle's tide,
With courage undiminished.

I dream this little toil worn hand
A wondrous poem traces,
Or close my eyes and see my form
In shimmering silk and laces:
A crown from Good-Land's shadowy realm
My temples are investing,
Or 'mongst these braided tresses brown,
Are leaves of laurel resting.

Afar from earthly care I dwell
Within a land ideal,
Till all at once a merry laugh
Brings back the present real,
And then I think that Lotte is right,
And August's hopes are higher;
Though Fame's proud temple reach the skies,
Yet Love to Heaven comes nigher.

So when the tide of sunset ebbs,
And hours of toil are over,
And all the air is fragrant with
June roses, corn, and clover,
Within the low-roofed, vine-clad porch,
The family group are sitting,
The boys with flute and violin,
The mother with her knitting.

PERSONAL.

GARIBALDI fainted upon being informed that Mazzini was dead.

THE Paris Figaro announces, on what it claims to be the best authority, that Mlle. Christine Nilsson will be married to M. Rouglend, in that city, in July next.

IT is reported that Mrs. Moulton will sing in opera, under the management of Strakosch, next season.

THE Czar is reported to be again subject to fits of profound melancholy. For hours together he occupies himself in solitary walks, or remains shut up in his room, where he sees no one. The mystical ideas by which he has for some years been possessed have obtained great influence over his mind, and according to the testimony of those who have had opportunities of judging, his mental powers are seriously affected.

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—The following curious advertisement appeared in a New York paper of recent date: "Fifty dollars will be paid to any person who will in a short time convert a shy, low speaking man into an impertinent, loud talker." The writer of this has evidently learned the value of self-assertion by sad experience. He must be a retiring, diffident person, who has seen impudence and self-confidence advanced where modest merit was thrust aside. He is right in his estimate of the value of loud talk, for the world, to a large extent, takes a man at his own valuation of himself, and has no time to consider that merit which is not thrust upon it.

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AT LAST.

BY MISS MULOCK.

Down, down like a pale leaf drooping
Under an autumn sky,
My love dropped into my bosom
Quietly, quietly.

There was not a ray of sunshine,
And not a sound in the air,
As she trembled into my bosom—
My love, no longer fair.

All year round in her beauty
She dwelt on the tree-top high;
She danced in the summer breezes,
She laughed to the summer sky.

I lay so low in the grass down,
She sat so high above;
She never wist of my longing,
She never dreamed of my love.

But when winds laid bare her dwelling,
And her heart could find no rest,
I called—and she fluttered downward
Into my faithful breast.

I know that my love is fading;
I know I cannot hold
Her fragrance from the frost-blight,
Her beauty from the mould;

But a little, little longer,
She shall contented lie,
And wither away in the sunshine
Silently, silently.

Come when thou will, grim Winter,
My year is crowned and blest;
If, when my love is dying,
She die upon my breast.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH.

Mr. Rokeby was not the only individual in the little picturesque village church on that stormy day who was troubled with perplexing visions during the interment of the late Earl of Templecombe with the many Christian names.

Among those whose eyes restlessly and eagerly wandered with an anxious scrutiny over the many curiously various countenances gathered there, all heedful, concerned, but none apparently betraying grief for the departed earl, was Wil Rokeby.

He had heard quite enough during the squabble at the Priory in reference to the heir-at-law to intensely interest him, and, in his self-imposed character of amateur detective, he perceived with quick sagacity how much there was to develop, and how difficult the extraordinary mystery would be to fathom.

Therefore, on arriving at the church, he at once separated himself, in silence and swiftness, from his party, and determined to mingle with the various groups collected, unobserved and unnoticed if he could, but under any circumstances as quietly and glidingly as if he were his own phantom.

He had had experience enough to know, or, at least, he had the shrewdness to conjecture, that valuable facts are frequently derived from scrape of information gathered piecemeal in different places and from various persons. He could see assembled there a numerous body of the late earl's tenantry, and of them gronped together were some of the oldest—two or three very aged—who, with their heads close together, were whispering garrulously, nodding, winking, and gibbering at each other, while they pointed significantly to the dead earl's vault.

To their immediate neighborhood he made his way, and, while he seemed to take no notice of them, he listened intently, and strove to catch what, in their strange language, they were communicating to each other.

"Say nothing but good of the dead" was an injunction to which, if they had ever heard it, and it is very doubtful if they had even from the lips of the "parson," they paid very little heed. They talked very freely, albeit in an undertone, of the dead, and they said a great deal of him that was *not* good. It was clear, however, they were acquainted with many strange circumstances, the utterances of which gave Wil a clue to two or three quarters in which to pursue the investigations he had determined to make.

One wiry octogenarian, whose face looked as if a self-taught grainer had painted it in imitation of old oak, and it had cracked greatly in the sunshine, stood with his head inclined to the toothless gums of an older friend, who was mumbling stories of the departed earl, in what he irreverently termed his "hell-fire days," ejaculating every now and then "Ah! ah!" in a confirmatory tone, as if he had either been identified with the reckless and desperate excesses, or had known them well by report.

This lean and tough old farmer, whose sunken eyes gleamed, and whose cap-like mouth curved every now and then into smiles at what he ought to have been shocked at, if he had any "shock" left in him, suddenly startled Wil by remarking, with a very peculiar significance—

"Ah! um! ah! Well, I don't believe in ghostes an' spectums, I don't. I've had a good innin's at the stumps in the game o' life, I have, an' never seed nothen' unairthly 'cept what come out o' too much beer. Nobody never saw a ghost as warn't drunk as David's sow—a been near upon that myseen a time or two, at wakes an' such likes, an' yet I never seed no ghostes."

"What o' that, feyther?" interrogated a burly old dame, whose ear was as near to the previous talker's mouth as "feyther's" had been, and whose sense of smell was therefore obsolete.

"Eh, lass!" he rejoined—she looked the "mother of thousands"—"a knew Guy Luttrell when he wur a boy; a taught 'un shootin', ridin', baitin'—eh, a lot o' spoorts! I wur allus with 'un—I bred his dogs for'm. I wus allus with 'un, follered 'un like a spaniel, until 'un got too bad for I. He wur a mortal bad 'un, he wur."

"Well, feyther," ejaculated the "lass," interestedly, "what o that? What be that to do along o' ghostes?"

"Ah!" muttered the old man, turning his eyes towards the church door, slowly, "folks have said he be dead, but I saw him in churchyard this blessed day, if ever I saw livin' man."

"Toot! toot!" mumbled his friend, derisively; "a mann a been his ghost, then. Why, man alive, it wur Guy who wur killed by his brother Gray—a knows the old coman as saw 'un bleedun an' dead."

"Yah!" champed the former speaker. "Lyin' old Sall Chattera, I s'pose?"

"Not she. Summun as knew 'un better an' she," was the prompt reply. "I means old Phillis Blythedale, who brought 'un an' Muster Gray inter wurld, for doctor warn't come when they were born. She as could tell, an' nobody else, which was first coom, an' which, an' they had lived, 'ood ha' been fust served, an' be earl now."

This remark caused Wil's heart to leap into his mouth. Here was evidence, indeed, to be secured. It struck him that he had somewhere heard the name before, he could not now remember where; but whether he had or not, he determined to obtain the address of the old woman mentioned.

He held his breath while the speakers went on, for they gave him further information, which startled him almost as much as that he had just previously heard.

"An' she says she saw Guy Luttrell—dead earl's son—a corpse, did she?" ejaculated the tenant-farmer with the old oak face, sneeringly.

"She did; an' a bleeve her," responded his friend.

"An' a bleeve my own two eyes as ain't failed me yet, and I've had putty sight o' work out of 'em, too," was the rejoinder. "A tellee a saw Guy Luttrell in t'flesh make a dash at chief mourner sittin' yon. A knew'd him in instant. Many men ha' marks an' signs to know'm by; but a never saw but one man ha' a blood-red band, bright as scarlet cloth, glow on his forehead, just beneath his hair when he wur in a towerin' passion but Guy Luttrell, an' a saw that man at churchyard gate when procession wur formin'."

"You mean he who fastened on Squire Rokeby," chimed in a third member of the group.

"An' twur Squire Rokeby—I mean he," was the reply.

"Nay, man, he wur no Guy Luttrell, he wur Mark Jarrett o' Hazelbrook. A know 'un. I ha' sold 'un corn for his stables," rejoined the previous speaker.

"All one for that, he be Guy Luttrell—or Guy Luttrell never lived. You can't deceive me in his face. The devil don't brand two of his babbees exactly loike," persisted the old oaken face.

At this moment, like a flash of silver-light, the enchanting face of Mark Jarrett's Daisy gleamed in Wil's eyes from the shadow of an arched aisle, and then as quickly vanished.

For the instant he fancied his vision had deceived him, and he had been permitted a glance at the angel face of a wandering Peri fresh from Paradise; but as quickly he reflected that she would hardly have adopted for head wear the sweetest of little jaunty sable hats, befeathered from the raven and osprey, the latest of the most modern types. Therefore, Mark Jarrett's Daisy must it be, and with her he would confer.

For, strong upon him was the memory of the strange, sudden, and fierce encounter between Mark and his father, and he conceived the notion that, as she had previously warned him of Mark Jarrett's ill-will towards any one bearing his name, she might be able to furnish him with the origin of the bitter animosity subsisting between them, and afford him the opportunity of making peace between them, or of securing her for himself, in spite and in defiance of the inextinguishable differences of their common guardians.

So he left the rustic, gabbling group with the same phantom-like movement as before, and attempted to cross the nave, to gain the spot where he had seen the visage dearest to him in the whole created world; but at the same time the coffin containing the mortal remains of the late earl was just being lowered into the vault, and the spectators in the body of the church moved forward so as to impede his movements, and he was actually wedged in until the last rites had been performed, and there was a general movement towards the door of the church.

Then he made his way as quickly as he could decorously to the aisle where he had seen Daisy; but as, with a bitten lip, he conjectured, not to find her there when he entered it. No doubt she had quitted the church when she perceived that the solemn ceremony had been brought to a close, and was already miles away.

It was in accordance with what he had come to regard as the "supreme fortune" that attended his hopes and wishes with regard to her, that he should be able to see her and not to be near her, to hear the sweet music of her voice and not be permitted to have her gentle words addressed to himself.

But he pressed forward, elbowed the yielding, and forced—in a gentleman-like way—the stubborn aside. He scraped the heels of the sluggish, and trod on the toes of the lagging, and he gained the porchway before many in whose rear he had started.

The wind was roaring and howling, the rain driving in blinding sheets; but he gazed eagerly through the misty atmosphere at every human form visible.

It was with a hot flush of angry rage he beheld, at some distance from him in the roadway, his mother assisted on to her horse by Lord Belvoir, and impetuously—he did not stay to analyze the impulse—he ran towards them. But his mother long before he could get up to her was in the saddle, and with a friendly bend and a wave of the hand had galloped swiftly away.

Lord Belvoir, too, with the nimbleness of a jockey, leaped on to his horse, and set off at a hand-gallop towards the Priory.

In the direction his mother had taken he observed, at this moment of bewilderment—for his mother's apparently secret intimacy with Lord Belvoir confounded him—a slight female form on horseback. She was bending before the fury of the storm, and going at an easy pace, unlike his mother, who had set off with as much speed as if she had just started to win a half-mile race.

"It is Daisy. There is no one else in the world like her," he muttered, with a stern enthusiasm, as if he believed there was one at his elbow to deny his assertion. "She is alone, and I will speak to her again at any risk. Not one word have I had the chance of uttering to her in my own behalf. Of course, she can have no idea how dearly—how very dearly—I love her, and she might—But no, I will shoot any scoundrel who dares attempt to look on her with loving eyes but myself."

Without looking for his Cousin Bertie, who had been his companion to Templecombe, or even thinking of him, he ran to the place where he had left his horse beneath a thickly-leaved elm in charge of a rustic, tossed him a silver piece, and mounting, set off in the direction he had seen Daisy take.

To be sure, the road was winding, and turned abruptly at a comparatively short distance, as is the wont of country lanes. So, therefore, when even well on his way, he perceived no trace of the delicate young form on the back of a fleet-steed of which he was in pursuit.

"No doubt," he muttered, petulantly, "it has entered into her sprightly, mischievous young mind, out of a mere spirit of rivalry, and notwithstanding what has already passed between them, to have another spin with my mother, and she is, of course, already three or four miles ahead. I'll make one in it, however. I am better mounted than both, and shall run them to a neck, I'll swear."

He urged his horse forward with spur and voice, and though the wind blew fiercely, and the rain drove sharply in his face, he was so possessed with this singular idea—for he knew that his mother clung to the ambition of being considered the best lady horsewoman in the kingdom, and that Daisy was not at all disposed to yield the palm—that he pressed onward, expecting at each turn of the road to discern them in the distance racing together, as he had once seen them before.

Then a thought flashed through his mind.

"If I can only bring them together," he thought, with a thrill of delight, "my mother may prevail on her to accept her guardianship, though I failed."

Fresh spurring, fresh urging, at this suggestion prompted by his heart, carried him onward swiftly, until he swept round a bend of the road, and beheld a sight which caused him to rein in his steed with a powerful check.

At no great distance before him he perceived the object of his quest, but not alone, yet no signs near her of his mother. Riding by her side, however, was a becloaked figure he had no difficulty in recognizing as Mark Jarrett.

He at once anathematized his ill fortune, and almost as quickly resolved to overtake and join the unquestionably ill-assorted pair, for it occurred to him that if the memory of the oaken-visaged farmer was worth the veriest trifle, Guy Luttrell, son of the Earl of Templecombe, had been for years living in the disguised name of Mark Jarrett. If this should prove to be the truth, who Daisy really was would be a matter of no little importance.

These conjectures set his heart beating wildly, but did not deprive him of enough common sense to induce him to adopt a moderate pace, and not ride up to them as if he were carrying a reprieve of a valuable life, with not a second to spare to accomplish his task successfully.

An easy canter enabled him to observe that Daisy was mounted on a beast with a very awkward temper, who did not like the wild whistling blasts of wind, or the irregular sweeps of the cold rain, and displayed restiveness; prancing and curvetting in anything but a frolicsome way. To his surprise, likewise, he noticed that Daisy did not appear to have that control of the animal which he had hitherto seen her display with so much ease—that, indeed, her manner, if anything, betokened timidity, and Mark Jarrett was not only giving her counsel, but even rode up to her, and stretched out his hand to catch her horse's bridle, with, apparently, the intention of leading him.

He was, however, suddenly deprived of sight, hearing, and breath by a gust of wind which as nearly as possible resembled a tornado. The wind roared, howled, and screeched; the trees bent and bowed; branches and twigs crashed and snapped, and for an instant it seemed that a broad sheet of water was whirled over and past him.

It was, however, but a fierce squall, of transient duration, and when he was able to recover his vision—and he lost not a second of time in doing so—he discovered that where Daisy had been was an empty space, and that Mark Jarrett was engaged in a fierce contention with his horse to maintain anything like control over him.

It required no second thought to suggest to him what had become of Daisy. It was clear that her horse had obtained the mastery, and had gone away with her—heaven only knew where. Never did he congratulate himself more upon being mounted upon a high-blooded, high-couraged, powerful, and swift horse, perfectly broken in, than now.

In less than a minute he had swept past Mark Jarrett, without a word to, without a look at him. Another moment only, it seemed, and he had passed over the sinuous wind of the road, and gained a longer stretch of the apparently interminable lane, and beheld before him, in full flight, as he had conjectured, the steed on which the fair young Daisy was seated.

He was startled to find that she had not only evidently lost her usual control of the horse, but her presence of mind, and that, instead of maintaining her seat with the graceful ease and dignity which had been a remarkable feature in her equestrian skill, she was actually clinging to the pommel of her saddle.

Yet further was he amazed when her horse, in its panic, instead of following the winding of the road, leaped a fence and breast-high hedge before him, to hear a wild, frightened, piteous shriek burst from her lips as she disappeared from his sight.

To put his own horse to the same hedge, though at a more difficult spot and a severer jump, was but the work of an instant, and he landed in a park-like stretch of grassy land, sloping down to a broad sheet of water, which, indeed, was an extensive branch of the Kennet, on its way to the Thames, greatly swollen by the late rains, much increased in the speed of its flowing—too wide for a leap and too deep to wade.

He took all this in at a glance, but also, to his increased astonishment, the form of Daisy, cowering, crouching, clinging to her saddle like a terrified child, displaying no single trace of that wondrous, high-souled courage she had exhibited when riding on the edge of a precipitous cliff, conscious that a false step or a slip of her horse would involve her instant destruction.

There was, however, no time to think, for the descent to the river was more rapid than it looked, and, as is most frequently the case in such predicaments, the rapid beating of his horse's hoofs upon the turf in pursuit only stimulated Daisy's steed to greater exertions, and it dashed into the river, was off its feet, and swimming wildly down the centre, before he had got within fifty yards of it.

He, however, brought down his whip upon the flanks of his own animal, and gored its sides with his spurs, so that it flew like a deer, but, to his infinite rage and mortification, on reaching the brink of the river, it stopped dead short, nearly flinging him over its head, backed, whirled round, and bolted with him.

It is impossible to conceive the frenzy which seized him at this unexpected action of his horse. That Daisy must be drowned unless she received instant aid he did not doubt; that he could save her, with the help of his horse, he was convinced, and a terrific struggle instantly ensued between him and the animal. All that he knew in the art of equitation, all that a courageous determination, a strong wrist, and whip and spur could accomplish, he essayed with a desperate rapidity and a maddened persistency, but in vain. His horse would not face the water, but eventually, after leaping, plunging, circling, reared high up in the air, and fell over on its side, bearing Wil with it.

This incident did not, however, overtake him unprepared for it. As the horse was falling, he slipped his feet from the stirrups, inclined himself to the upper side of the animal's body as he turned over, was free from him as he reached the ground, tore off his coat, and plunging into the river, swam at his best speed in the direction which Daisy's horse, with her slight form scarce visible above the water was taking.

The mind has a great deal to do with successful swimming. Wherever there is an object to be achieved paramount to considerations of personal safety, a man who is a respectable "natatorial" can swim like a fish, and keep himself afloat as long as his physical powers remain unexhausted; and thus, though it was raining and blowing fiercely, and there was a dull haze on the chill water, rendering a swimming bath anything but a simple or easy task, Wil thought nothing of the peril or the disagreeable condition of things, but only of Daisy, and the chance of saving her life.

It gave him power, resolution, perseverance, and unflagging tenacity of purpose. It gave him speed, and a kind of ferocious determination to rescue her or perish with her, and he swam direct to the struggling horse, which was plunging now towards the shore, anon down the river, and again towards the side he had quitted, snorting and whinnying, yet more terrified, if that were possible, than the young girl fainting upon his back.

It was this uncertain progress which afforded Wil the only opportunity he had of overtaking the frantic animal. Indeed, he did not actually overtake him, for he suddenly beheld a white young angel face floating on the surface of the water—nay, slowly settling down beneath it—and with a gasp and a cry, he recognized it, passed a hand and arm tenderly beneath it, and bending his humid, smarting eyes towards the green, sedgy banks on the opposite side to that he had quitted, and which to his dim sight appeared to be the nearest, he uttered a short, earnest prayer to God not to desert him now, and with all the strength he had left made for them.

He took no further heed of the horse, which still kept drifting down the river, but sought for the nearest and safest spot for a landing.

Sedgy flags, stretching some distance from the banks, he knew to be dangerous spots, for they not only indicated beds of deep ooze beneath, but they would entangle fatally his limbs if he got amongst them.

Then, too, he saw, as he was borne down by the swiftly increasing rapidity of the stream, that the banks of the river not only ascended abruptly, but that they were artificially made, and maintained by stones and wooden piles, and that, though almost free from reeds and sedges, the water was very deep beneath them, and offered him no available chance of landing.

At this moment a low, dull, booming sound caught his ear, and a feeling of disquiet flashed through his brain, for he detected in its moaning sound the peculiar noise made by a large body of water falling over a weir. He had no doubt that he was being rapidly drawn to one of great dimensions—with less expectation, if carried over it, of successfully struggling with the waters of the deep basin into which the huge volume of that swollen river fell.

Even with this desperate peril imminent, his sharpened hearing caught the sound of carriage-wheels. He turned his eyes again to the river banks, and beheld a low phaeton drawn by a pair of ponies, containing two young ladies, one of whom was driving, trotting rapidly past him towards the weir, along a roadway which he had been unable to see.

He shouted lustily to them, and they both turned their faces towards him, but only for a second, for the young lady who held the reins whipped up the ponies sharply, and in a moment more they were out of sight.

His heart sank within him. He turned his eyes upon the pallid face, so close to his own he could have kissed it, and he saw its eyes were closed, that it was whiter than marble, and betrayed no signs of life.

"Dead!" he muttered, with a sudden frenzied paroxysm of tears. "Dead! dead! Why should I not perish too? What will be the world to me without her?"

As if in answer to this agonized utterance a sudden shout startled him. He heard the splashing of oars; he saw a dark object swiftly approaching him. It was a boat, containing two men, and making swiftly for him and his lifeless charge.

After this he had only a confused sense of being hauled into the boat; of being landed; of bearing his Daisy in his arms to a carriage; of being whirled at a mad gallop through an avenue of trees up to a house; of hanging like a delirious lunatic over a white, white face; of seeing a pair of eyes open and gaze upon him, a pair of tiny lips part and smile upon him; of hearing a buzz of voices like a choir of angels, chanting "She lives!" and then he remembered no more.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WITHIN GRASP.

It may easily be imagined what consternation the announcement made by Mr. Chough Jurgeson on opening the deed-box caused the persons assembled to hear the reading of the last will and testament of the late Earl of Templecombe.

Although the aristocratic, haughty, and inflated solicitor to the estate, as we have mentioned, tumbled down in a fit, nobody looked at him; but all directed their attention to the empty box, which they examined and sounded as if they were all fain to believe that it had a false bottom and sides.

There was an angry, vehement, and generally demented chorus of observations, denunciations, and protestations. Every one rejected the evidence of his own senses, inveighed against the infamy of human nature in general, and the deed-box robber in particular. Nobody seemed to believe that the deeds and will had been purloined without the assistance of interested parties to the transaction; considerable derision at the notion that Mr. Chough Jurgeson neither knew under what circumstances the robbery had been committed or who was the robber obtained; and an ultimate demand burst unanimously from the lips of all present—

"What next?"

Up to this moment, as we have said, no one had taken notice of Mr. Chough Jurgeson's insensible condition. They had stumbled over him, accidentally, and had trodden on his soft, puffy white hands, in their eager desire to look into the empty box; but now he drew attention to himself by a series of wild, unearthly shrieks, and some frantic bounds—not unfrequent proceedings in an epileptic patient—and divided attention with the plundered box, until he was sufficiently restored to consciousness, to be driven almost delirous again by a hailstorm of questions hurled against him by the persons most deeply interested in the contents of the will.

The clamorers failed to extort more from him than that all further applications in the matter must be made to him at his offices, St. James's Square, London. In a screaming tone he announced that no effort or expense would be spared to discover and overhaul the unparalleled thief, and compel him to disgorge his invaluable plunder.

He yelled his assurances that he had not the remotest conception who the thief could be, or who had employed him; for that he had been engaged to execute his task of unequalled villainy there could be, unhappily, no doubt. But, he roared with a sardonic and sarcastic distortion of his features, the robber or his employer need not fatten themselves on the idea that he would be benefited by the burglary, for they must be discovered sooner or later. The missing documents, to be rendered of any value, must be produced; and then pillager and principal would be brought to punishment—condign punishment.

When his vociferated observations were brought to a sudden stop by a violent fit of coughing which indicated bronchial suffocation, Mr. Tatchmax, seeming to sip invisible scalding soup, nearly closed his eyes, and in a shrill voice, heard clearly above the din, cried—

"Neatly done thing, Jurgeson; but will not wash with your obedient servant, Fabian Tatchmax. The absence, the total'y unlooked-for absence, of the extraordinary documents, will not keep my client out of his indefeasible rights for a single day."

"Nor mine!" thundered Lord Belvoir, heated and indignant. "This damnable conspiracy shall be of no avail, for now the important papers are missing we shall without an instant's delay proceed as if they never existed."

"Yah—ah—yah!" squealed Mr. Chough Jurgeson, derisively, between a splutter and a whistle.

"Nor shall the claims of Miss Gabrielle Luttrell be for a moment allowed to be put aside by such a transparent trick as this got-up robbery," shouted Colonel Waldron, white with contending emotions, and full of renewed hope by the new aspect of affairs.

"Got-up robbery!" shrieked Mr. Chough Jurgeson, in a delirious frenzy. "A libel! I will lay a criminal information against—"

"Don't make an ass of yourself, Jurgeson!" interposed Mr. Tatchmax, tossing up his hands, and attempting a weak imitation of the bleating of a calf. "Let Colonel Waldron go to—well, Paradise—with his lady client. Who cares? She has no claim!"

"You lie, you villain!" retorted the colonel, in the voice of a Stentor. "I say, and I maintain, that her claims are insuperable. What say you, Rokeby? Speak out, man."

"I say, responded Mr. Rokeby, as if communicating his views through a speaking-trumpet, "that I do not know you in this matter at all. I do not recognize your right to interest yourself in the affairs of the young lady you have named, and I do not hesitate to acknowledge that your assumption, and even your presence here to-day, is to me incomprehensible."

"Right! right! right!" screeched Fabian Tatchmax. "Let us keep the fight among those who have a right to fight. Half-pay colonels are much too fond of poking their noses into other people's business affairs, and sometimes they get them—"

Here Colonel Waldron made a violent lunge at Mr. Tatchmax, who dived under the table and came up the other side, and the door being wide open in his rear, shook both his fists at the colonel, in a jeering, defiant, "come on" kind of way. It is not improbable that a kind of free fight would have ensued, but that Lord Belvoir, Mr. Rokeby, and one or two others interfered, and produced something like a calm after the storm.

It was quickly apparent that nothing was to be done beyond seeing that everything that could be was sealed up, and the custody of all for the present left in the hands of Mr. Chough Jurgeson, and then the whole of the excited party quitted Templecombe Priory for their respective destinations.

Mr. Rokeby did not speak a word on quitting to Lord Belvoir, notwithstanding that his mind was greatly exercised respecting his appearance on behalf of Gray Luttrell, whom he more than intimated was alive, and he was exceedingly solicitous to obtain some information of the grounds on which he based such inference.

A secret reason, however, deterred him, and he suffered him to depart without an observation, although he fancied that his lordship rather lagged when preparing to leave, as if he would have entered into conversation if he had been addressed.

Mr. Rokeby also held aloof from Colonel Waldron—his interference on behalf of Gabrielle had offended him. Her position was already equivocal enough, and if, as he expected, it should turn out that she was not even a Luttrell, her future would be sufficiently humiliating without being blazoned to the world as the colonel seemed desirous of doing.

He interchanged, however, a few words with Mr. Fabian Tatchmax, for he was equally desirous to draw from him some communication respecting Guy Luttrell; but to his surprise Mr. Tatchmax, in a mysterious sort of way, declined to be squeezed. He sipped at his invisible hot broth again for a moment, and then, in a warning tone, whispered—

"Don't you interfere at all, Rokeby; have nothing to do with it. Keep your powder dry. You'll have to fight your own battle, and a devilish hard one, too, before you are much older. Leave Guy Luttrell alone: don't pick up hot iron with ungloved hands. He will get his own again, never fear—then *you* look out!"

If Mr. Fabian Tatchmax had delivered an oration to Mr. Rokeby in an untranslatable dialect of an Antarctic savage he would have comprehended him equally well, but before he could demand an explanation of his words he had disappeared.

Mr. Rokeby was, therefore, perforce, left to make his way to town alone; but very little wiser, though much more puzzled and disgusted than when he had set out.

The questions, "Who had committed the robbery of the deeds?" and "What was the object in purloining them?" constantly recurred to him, both during the turmoil at the Priory and his return home.

He had a very uncomfortable and painful suspicion that Titus Vink was the thief, and had shown this excess of zeal in his service. But he entertained the greatest abhorrence of any such act, for he had no other wish or desire than that the rightful heir, whoever it might prove to be, should be placed in possession of the title, and the vast property pertaining to it. If Titus Vink, therefore, had committed the robbery, it was not only entirely against his intentions altogether, but, if discovered, would have the disagreeable and damaging result of implicating him in the rascally transaction.

Consequently, on his way from the Priory, he looked out anxiously for a glimpse of that individual, but was not so fortunate as to observe a trace of him anywhere.

That exponent of sacred truths at little Bethel was actively occupied in a locality which did not come within Mr. Rokeby's line of march.

It will be remembered that Mr. Rokeby had observed Titus Vink standing in the not very attractive disguise of a horsecoper in Templecombe churchyard, and that he had with some object at which Mr. Rokeby failed to arrive, indicated with his grimy thumb the spot on which he had previously detected the house steward, Dean, partly concealing himself behind a woman of humble condition but rather unusually personal attractions.

Titus Vink intended, nevertheless, to convey to Mr. Rokeby the fact of Dean's presence at the funeral, and his own purpose of making himself master of his actions, and his purposes in being there.

And in this he was to a rather important extent successful.

Careful not to permit him or "Joysy-Povsy" Stoke, whom he had discovered to be the companion of the house steward, to obtain a glimpse of him in any such fashion that they could recognize him, he dogged their footsteps while they were in the churchyard, and after they had left it.

He followed them to Templecombe Priory, to which Joyse Stoke conducted Dean by a short and sequestered route, he observed them enter the grounds and move cautiously among the shadows of the trees in the extensive shrubbery, and he saw them confer together in close and eager communion, but he could not crawl close enough to catch a word.

Although he perceived Joyse Stoke pointing to the house, and almost immediately that with a stealthy step and manner she quitted her companion and entered the mansion, while Dean remained in his lurking-place, he was shrewd enough, with very little reflection, not to follow the woman, but said to himself—

"Whatever she has gone to the prowlery to pick up she'll bring back to this precious rascal an' unfaithful servant, Dean. The Dean o' Fairholme—ha! ha! Forty times wuss than a archbishop! An' if the ways of Proverdence is bountiful, this herb o' grace will catch all she's got to tell, an' make a trifle on it. Ah, Joysy, my wench, there's money in you! I ain't so sure, if, as I suspexe, you an' that wial o' bad mixture, Dean, makes up matters, an' gets married, an' you have made sure of all his swag, I won't slope with you. Three months' loose an' careless parstime with you in the country somewhere would do me good. Besides, I could preach, an' she could go round with the hat for subscriptions to convart the benighted. She's got pooty eyes—pooty eyes—when she's pleased—that ain't often—but pooty eyes pulls out the sixpences from the elderly stiff-neck'd 'uns like one o'clock. Aha! That's a good thought. 'Stead of sendin' they carroty louts round my Bethel on Sundays for my offitary money, I'll pick out some pooty gals to do the work. They'll wrastle the dibs from the hard-fisted an' the blunted. There's money in my Joysy, I'm sure, an' I'll stick to her."

At all events, he crouched down, and prepared to stick to Dean. No crafty sable leopard, on the crawl to pounce on some prey at a spot where it knew it to be hidden, could have surpassed him in the noiseless, clandestine way in which he slowly, and bit by bit, worked himself up near to the spot on which Dean was standing, nor did he cease his movements until he could absolutely hear the hard breathing of the house steward.

For that Dean did breathe hard there was no doubt. The day was stormy and wet, and his only recipe for keeping the cold and damp out of his system was by priming himself with unqualified genuine whisky, drawn from his master's stores. He had taken more than sufficient for the purpose, and when Joyse Stoke quitted him he felt like "forty winks," which he took leaning with his back against the broad trunk of an elm.

This fact, which Titus was not long in discovering, enabled the latter to almost securely conceal himself from the possibility of abrupt discovery before the return of Joyse, which, as he had anticipated, did not take place for an hour and a half or more. Yet she came at last, and with a hurried step and an agitated manner.

"You must come with me, Dean," she cried, in a low, quick tone. "There's rare turmoil in the Priory. I made my way in there, and I confronted the scoundrel and villain, Waldron. But all that I will tell you by-and-by. What I have to say now is that the dead earl's will, and all the papers relating to his property, have been stolen."

"Stolen!" echoed Dean, with a start. "Stolen! By whom?"

"Stolen!" thought Titus Vink, with a jerk, as if he had taken some strychnine by accident. "Aha! By whom?—by whom?"

"I think I know—nay, I am sure I know," responded Joyse, speaking with excitement.

"Joyse, if you do, and you can put me on to the thief, our fortune's made," exclaimed Dean, with extreme eagerness.

"Our fortune's made!" thought Titus, with a gulp.

"Of what value can a heap of musty parchments be?" demanded Joyse, curiously.

"You would not know or understand if I were to explain to you ever so much," responded Dean, rapidly. "Be content to learn that the man who can secretly hold those papers possesses a bank of gold and notes. There's a mine of wealth in those papers, my dear Joyse, for he who has them under lock and key can make terms—and such terms, my own precious Joyse!"

"Such terms, my Joysy-Povsy—*such* terms!" thought Titus, with a silent snort. "There's a lot o' money in that, an' no mistake!"

"Quick, quick, Joyse, my dear," urged Dean, excitedly, "we have certainly not a moment to lose now. Who is the thief? What is his name?"

"Ah!" supplemented Titus, under his breath, "who is the great unhung? What is the unpardonable's doomed name?"

"I do not know his name I do not know the man," replied Joyse, with a slight hesitation. "Nor do I know where he now is."

"My dear Joyse, what is all this nonsense?" interrogated Dean, impatiently. "You said you knew the thief."

"What, in the name of the Father o' Sin and Iniquity, likewise Thievery, does the idiot mean?" asked Titus of himself, enraged. "The maniac said she did know the thief."

"Listen, Dean, and don't be so impatient," responded Joyse, in her short, sharp tone. "You must humor me; you must not bully me. You don't know what a devil I can be when my blood's up."

"I do!" thought Titus, with a thrill through his marrow.

"Rattle on, Joyse, my dear," returned Dean, urgently. "A minute, you know, means at least a mile on a railway."

"I know, I know," she rejoined, petulantly. "Well, listen; when I left you here and stole up to the Priory entrance, I found that none of the folks who had followed the dead earl had got back from the church, and I crept in unseen to the very room where the will was to be read. In it, up by the fireplace, I saw a man—one of the undertaker's crew, he looked by his dress and hatband—and he was engaged in filling a brown leather portmanteau with papers out of a box. He did not hear my step until I was partly up the chamber, and then he looked up and gave a great start. 'Hallo!' he cried, in a fierce rage, 'what the deuce do yo do here, you gipsy thief? Go out with you, or I'll ring the bell and have you handed over to the constable.'"

"I owe him a jacketing,' interpolated Dean, waving his clenched fist in the air.

"I owe him sixpence," thought Titus; "half-a-crown if he'd given her a floorer with the poker."

"Tut, tut," interposed Joyse. "I did not then doubt that he was one of the undertaker's men employed in some task he had been set to do, and as I did not want to interfere with my own object and work by getting into a squabble with any of the people about the place, I did as he told me. I went back to the door and waited there until all the mourners and the lawyer were assembled in the room. Then I went in again, and as I did so I noticed the undertaker's man going away at a run with the portmanteau—a square one with two handles, by which he carried it. Soon afterwards I heard that the will and all the papers had been stolen, and I ran here to you; for, I said to myself, 'If any one stole those papers, that undertaker's rascal is the man.'"

"He is the man!" exclaimed Dean, with an oath.

"He is the dead nail," thought Titus, and listened more intently than ever, for he knew the question that would follow.

"Which way did he go?" interrogated Dean, sharply, buttoning his coat, and flattening down his hat on his head at the same time.

"I can't describe it—it will take too long," replied Joyse, in as hasty tones as his own. "But come with me, and I'll show you. We will be on his heels before he gets to the railway station."

Away they started, and Titus crept out of his lair to follow them. He, however, found himself so tightly entangled in a labyrinth of briars, that without betraying himself by a great noise he could not wrench himself out.

By aid of a pocket-knife, however, he set himself at liberty, and when he had extricated himself, and pushed on for a short distance, he could see no trace whatever of Dean or Joyse; nor could he determine after he had got out of the undergrowth whether he had brought his face east, west, north or south.

He was done, diddled, baffled.

He could not conjecture which direction they had taken, and the wind howled, and moaned, and roared so noisily among the leaves and branches he could not hear a footstep.

But he heard a whistle.

A low, peculiar, thrilling whistle—not as a man would summon a dog, but as a thief would signal a thief.

At the same moment he caught a glimpse of an approaching form in the haze among some distant trees. He sank down among the low bushes again like lightning. He held his breath. He would rather have suffocated than coughed, or glided into silent convulsions than sneezed.

The whistle was repeated, then answered. He next heard the crackling of twigs beneath a heavy footstep, and immediately afterwards a man, attired in the dress of a pall-bearer, wearing a long black weeper from his hat, and carrying by two handles a large brown portmanteau, came and stood so close to him as almost to rest his heels on his fingers.

And this man cried several times—

"Hist! hist! hist!"

And somebody a little way off "histed" too, and then this undertaker's assistant was joined by another individual, who, the moment he clapped eyes upon him, appeared to sip rapidly imaginary superheated soup, and cried "Ah!" as if the drop of it he had inveigled into his throat was of a very superior description.

In an instant afterwards, he exclaimed, in a low tone—

"Got all the papers—um—deeds—um—parchments—um—all right?"

"All right, Mr. Tatchmax," was the reply.

"Anybody twig you while you were at work, Odam?" inquired that individual.

For the sake of the profession, we confess our sorrow that it was he.

"No, Mr. Tatchmax," returned Odam, in soldierly fashion; and then, correcting himself, said, "At least—" Then, with a further correction, he added, "No, Mr. Tatchmax."

"Splendid dodge of mine, rigging you out as a pall-bearer," observed Mr. Tatchmax; and perfectly successful."

"Perfectly successful, Mr. Tatchmax," echoed Odam, complacently.

"Well, with those papers in our hands, we shall win our cause Odam," observed Mr. Tatchmax, rubbing his hands. "Then you are made for life, Odam; fishing-box—Mrs. Odam—little Odams—rustic felicity—and all that."

"All right, Mr. Tatchmax," responded the man Odam, with a satisfied smile.

"Now, then, doff that weeper and black cloak, put on your macintosh, and away with you. Put up—you know where, and meet me—you know where. You have got money; not a word, be off with you."

As he concluded, Mr. Tatchmax waved his hand, and ran smartly away.

The man Odam, stripped off the weeper from his hat instantly, and put it in his pocket. He took off his black cloak and made a roll of it. He had already a long black macintosh cape, covering him from the nape of his neck to his heels, and stowing away the rolled cloak under one arm beneath the cape, he up with his portmanteau and started off with a run too.

Titus was up and after him without a moment's loss of time. As he hurried after him, he transformed his personal appearance too. He produced from his pocket a loose, long black clerical coat of thin alpaca and slipped it on, he threw away his battered hat, and brought from his pocket a black wideawake.

He discarded his red, dingy neckloth, and whipped round his throat a neckerchief meant for white, but the color of old parchment; and then resembling an itinerant preacher on the tramp, he crowded all sail after Odam. As that gentleman emerged from the plantation into which the shrubbery led into a country road, he followed him close up.

He suffered him to get a safe distance from the Templecombe grounds, and well into the road, which led over some wild-looking downs, and then he went up at a quick step, and touched Odam on the shoulder. In a bland voice, he said—

"Does this road go to the railway-station?"

Odam started, looked round, and for an instant turned pale.

"I don't know," he said, brusquely.

"Very true," responded Titus. "I thought it must. So kindly explicit, we will hunt for it together."

He cast one of his eyes on the portmanteau.

"I'll never leave you, my friend," he thought. "There's too much money in you for that!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE'S BRIGHTEST HOUR.

Not long since I met a gentleman who is assessed for more than a million. Silvered was his hair, care upon his brow, and he stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enjoyment, or rather, when we had found the happiness nearest to being unalloyed. "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one-and-twenty I had saved $800. I was earning $500 a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-one I had secured a pretty cottage, just outside of the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down, and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to work, leaving my mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening, when the labors of the day were done, I went not to the paternal shelter as in the past, but to my own house—my own house. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in the memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I laid my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on to the kitchen—our kitchen and dining-room was both one then. I pushed open the kitchen door and was—in heaven! The table was set against the wall. The evening meal was ready—prepared by the hand of her who had come to be my helpmeet in deed as well as in name—and by the table, with a throbbing, expectant look upon her face, stood my wife. I tried to speak, and could not. I could only clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing to her the ecstatic burden of my heart. The years have passed—long, long years—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honored and envied, but—as true as heaven—I would give it all—every dollar—for the joy of that hour of that June evening, in the long, long ago!"

HEART BURIAL.

The custom of burying the heart separately from the rest of the body prevailed in the sixteenth century. At Wedmore is a monument sacred to the memory of Capt. Thomas Hodges of the county of Somerset, who, at the siege of Antwerp, about 1658, with unconquered courage won two ensigns from the enemy, where, receiving his last wounds, he gave three legacies: his soul to his Lord Jesus, his body to be lodged in Flemish earth, his heart to be sent to his dear wife in England.

"Here lies his wonderful heart, for whom
One kingdom was too small a room;
Two kingdoms, therefore, have thought good to part
So stout a body and so brave a heart."

The heart of Lord Edward Bruce, who fell in a duel in Holland, was carried in a silver box to England. It was the custom at one time to take out the heart from the urn, and on the anniversary of its entombment to refresh it with a glass of wine.

☞ A flash of lightning exploded a loaded gun in Wilmington, N. C., the other day.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GOZLAN.

About half-past seven in the evening, toward the fall of the year 1844, two men were seated at table—Balzac the host, Vidocq (the famous French detective) the guest.

Said the latter: "M. de Balzac, why do you tax your imagination for fiction when you can get reality, before your eyes, close to your ears, under your hand?"

"You believe in reality? I am delighted. I did not imagine you so innocent. 'Tis only novelists who create reality and make it visible. Whenever any one comes to me with 'Monsieur de Balzac, I've got a splendid subject for you,' I know before hearing it that it's worthless. If the subject is good there are no details; if the details are excellent there is no subject. No reality—only half a fact."

"But I can give you one."

"Complete?"

"Complete."

"Ah!"

And Vidocq commenced: "On the 15th of December, 1834 or '35, a fearfully cold night, I was on duty at the Prefecture de police. The room in which my colleagues and myself were stationed opened on to the staircase leading to the offices of Monsieur le Prefet. The glass in the upper part of the door was rendered almost opaque by the condensed moisture which had settled on it; but about one o'clock I noticed two shadows flit past, and opening the door I saw two women, a lady and her servant, the former dressed in full evening costume. This puzzled me. What could a lady want, one hour after midnight, with the prefect of police? Strangely dressed too; the flowers in her hair put in at hap-hazard; her hair hardly even looked as if it had been combed, and beneath her rouge (for she had used some, although she was very young and marvelously beautiful) her face was ghastly pale. But what struck me as being the most extraordinary in this strange toilette was that, while on the one foot she wore a black boot, the other was protected by a white satin slipper.

"On my asking what brought her there, the lady, without even stopping or looking round, answered curtly that she wanted to speak to Monsieur le Prefet, and before I was able to reply that he could not be seen at such an hour of the night, the door of the magistrate's apartment opened and the lady entered; it was closed again immediately, and the servant, thus left alone on the staircase, accepted my invitation to come into the room I had just left. Although her dress was not as strange as that of her mistress, she was equally excited, and in the few words she spoke in answer to me I noticed a nervous trembling which was not caused by cold alone. In our profession we are obliged to study and examine well all signs of emotion, that we may not mistake fear for remorse; for if I ever saw fear it was shown by that woman. A dismay so terrible I had never seen before in any one expect her mistress; and yet, as the woman was strong-minded, energetic and resolute, it must be a case of the most urgent importance that could affect her in so startling a manner. Her mind was preoccupied, so troubled and uneasy, that she could not remain quiet for two consecutive moments. She started up every few seconds, wiped with her gloved hands a small space clear on the fogged windows, and looked out intently into the street; and then I noticed that her gloves had been drawn on carelessly, as though in a great hurry. I followed her to see what the object of her anxiety was; a private carriage—not a hired one or common cab; no doubt the one in which she and her mistress had come, for it was drawn up close to the door of the Prefecture. Why was she so anxious? Was she afraid the coachman might drive off? or was there some one in it awaiting the result of this nocturnal visit to the chief of police? I could not make it out, and the puzzle became more complicated and interesting when the woman, her eyes intently fixed on the driver, and not knowing how close I was to her, let fall, in a strange and undefinable tone of voice, the exclamation, 'Asleep!' with a convulsive movement of the lip that betokened, not only joy, but dismay—a sense of security, yet also a feeling of danger.

"But let us see what was taking place meantime in the Prefet's apartments. After an exceptionally heavy and fatiguing day's work he had gone to bed at midnight, giving orders that he was not to be awakened till eight o'clock on any pretext whatever; and such orders were never known to be disobeyed. The *huissier*, astonished that both the sentinel and the porter had allowed these two women to enter, desired to know the object of the lady's visit.

"'To see Monsieur le Prefet.'

"'Impossible.'

"The lady stormed, entreated, threatened; but all in vain, till at last, tearing off her pearl necklace and diamond bracelets, she thrust them excitedly into Père Caron's hand, crying:

"'Ten thousand francs—twenty thousand—I don't know, more or less. But now, go!'

"He went; how could he resist? Timorously he set about his task, and at last succeeded; while the magistrate, irritated and savage at being thus disturbed, sprang up in bed with a sudden bound.

"'Scamp! scoundrel!' he stormed.—'What were your orders?'

"'A—a—a lady, sir,' stammered the unfortunate *huissier*.

"'Well, even then.'

"'Most urgent and important reasons, sir.'

"'A lady—at this hour and in such weather! Let her go to the devil!'

"'The lady knows Monsieur le Prefet?'

"'Of course—who doesn't? But sufficient; I want to sleep; and the next time you disobey my orders you march. Now go.'

"The *huissier* retired crestfallen; but the lady was not to be discouraged. 'He must not be allowed to fall asleep again,' she urged. 'Run back at once—'

"'No, madame,' interrupted Père Caron. 'I should lose my place, and I have a wife and children to support.'

"'Is that all?' cried the lady. 'If you lose your post through me I promise on my honor that you shall have an annuity of two, three, four thousand francs settled on you and your family. Take these, as earnest,' and handing him two thousand francs in notes, she continued, 'Tell Monsieur le Prefet that to-morrow, at the Tuileries, Louis Philippe, King of France, will thank him for what he does for me to-night.'

"The words 'King,' 'Tuileries,' 'four thousand francs annuity,' whirled through Caron's head as he he again confronted his master, whose rage this time was almost uncontrollable.

"'What is the woman's name?'

"'She has not told me, monsieur.'

"'Fool that you are! go and ask at once; and if this business be not finished in three minutes, you pass the rest of the night in the cells.'

"The lady, however, would not disclose her name, and the *huissier* gave himself up as lost; but the Prefet, struck by this strange persistence of the nameless lady, who dared to promise the King's gratitude, felt that the case must be an extraordinary one, and at last decided to give way.

"'If the lady won't give her name, ask her then to send it under seal,' was the result of his deliberations.

"With a deep-drawn sigh of relief the strange visitor acceded to this request, and inclosed her card in a sealed envelope. The Prefet started up in astonishment when he saw the name, and after a second glance, to assure himself that he had read aright, he turned to Caron:

"'Show the lady into my private office—quick! and with the greatest deference.'

"It was the Countess Helene de B——, one of the most remarkable women of Louis Philippe's reign, distinguished by her beauty and elevation of mind; one of those women who, rightly or wrongly, were considered to carry in the folds of their dresses the fate of ministries—nay, even war or peace.

"The Prefet, on joining the Countess, attempted to excuse himself, but the lady gave him no time for explanations, for her case was too pressing to allow of formalities. Her voice broken and quivering, she thus addressed him:

"'Sir, I have come to you because—because a dreadful misfortune has happened to me, such as no other woman has ever known—so dreadful, you can form no idea. Monsieur, save me! You can—you must,' she gasped with a despairing cry. 'You know that my husband left for Bordeaux a week ago?'

"The magistrate inclined his head, and the lady, after making a great effort to subdue the involuntary tremor in her voice, continued her story:—During his absence she had been visited by a person—a young man—whom she became acquainted with at the Austrian Embassy. Her husband, whose passions would sometimes border on a delirious frenzy, had noted the attentions of this Hungarian officer, who, although she did not encourage him, would continue his visits during her husband's absence, sometimes even late—very late—in the evening. That very night M. de Karls (such was the officer's name) would insist on seeing her home, much against her will, for her husband's return was to be expected every hour; and then occurred that fatal *event*. This word let loose the flood of sorrow so long pent up, and the Countess, losing all control over her feelings, buried her face in her hands and sobbed forth passionately:

"'He is my lover—my lover; yes, for six months I had loved him passionately.'

"This confession placed the magistrate more at his ease. He knew now what was wanted—saw exactly what had happened—at least, he thought so: unexpected arrival of the husband, surprise of the lovers, duel already fought, or to be fought, and the lady flying to him for his assistance in order to thwart her husband's revenge—or, at least, to prevent the scandal from becoming known. But he was wrong. Her husband had not even come back, asserted the Countess.

"'Then what is this dreadful misfortune?' asked the Prefet, ironically. 'No one wounded—no one killed?'

"'Neither killed nor wounded, do you say, Monsieur le Prefet? Wounded there is none yet; but dead there are two—first, myself (for I shall never survive this), and then he, who is now in my carriage.'

"'In your carriage?'

"'Yes—M. de Karls; he died two hours ago in my house, and his corps is now in my carriage.'

"'At your house?—assassinated?—a corpse?'

"'No, no; not murdered, thank God! He died from a sudden rush of blood to the head while he was with me—with me! Oh! it is horrible, terrible, that I should have to think of my reputation—my honor, my worldly name, of that world that will soon know all, of my husband's honor—when I would be alone with my sorrow, my tears, and the dear one who is dead! But no, that cannot be; and to you I have come for help. You can—you must assist me.'

"'How, madame, how? My resources are not infinite. A case so unparalleled—what can I do?'

"'You must!' cried the Countess, rising, and speaking with the authority partly of a powerful and influential woman, partly of one who implores, 'till you have designed some means I do not leave this place. Surely you—of the secret police—'

"'It is impossible, madame, impossible!'

"'In three hours my husband will be here.'

"The Prefet rose and rang the bell.

"'There is but one man in Paris, nay, I might say, in the world, who can save you, and I have called him. Will you confide in him?—tell him all?'

"'You answer for his secrecy?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then let him come.'

"As soon as I entered the room the Prefet addressed me brusquely: 'Vidocq, a great personage died suddenly, a few hours ago, at madame's house.'

"'Very good, M. le Prefet, we will say he died a sudden death.'

"'Madame's husband is away, but returns to-night.'

"'At what hour?'

"'Any moment.'

"'Then we may as well say he has returned.'

"'Just as well. The body of the young man is below in madame's carriage,' continued the Prefet.

"I waited, listening.

"'Vidocq.'

"'M. le Prefet.'

"'You must get rid of this man for us.'

"'Which one? Husband or lover?'

"'The dead man,' said the Prefet, curtly.

"I understood well enough, but the joke was too much for me. 'Then,' I said, 'that will be a more difficult affair. It's easy enough to get rid of a living man, but a dead one, eh! But let me see; you wish me to spirit away, before daylight, the corpse in Madame la Countesse de B——'s carriage?'

"The lady started. 'You know me?'

"'I have that honor, madame. Now, there is one way of getting rid of this corpse.'

"'And that is.'

"'What do you say, madame, to the body being found in the streets this morning, about three or four o'clock, pierced with several dagger wounds?'

"'Assassinated?'

"'Yes, madame. Three stabs in the stomach and one in the heart; it shall be well done. The body is found; nothing on it, not even watch or rings—murdered by thieves. Great excitement for twenty-four hours; inquest, which will end in nothing, and in a week the whole affair forgotten.'

"'Murdered!'

"'But, since he is dead, madame, where is the crime or wrong to stab him?'

"'Enough!' cried the countess, her face buried in her hands; 'enough, monsieur, enough. Horrible, horrible—it can never be—never!'

"I could not understand her: but some people are delicate, you see. What can one do?

"'Then, what do you say, madame, to the body disappearing suddenly from the face of the earth, so that even the most rigorous search should fail to recover it? It should never be found.'

"'Never?'

"'Never.'

"'Then there would be no burial?'

"'Burial, madame, burial? Ah! if madame desires the luxury of a burial, my plan is useless.'

"'But how would you hide it?'

"'That is my business.'

"'Oh! no—I must know.'

"'Believe, me, madame, you had better not. Does the surgeon show his saw to the patient whose limb he is going to amputate? Nay, madame, do not seek to control my actions, let me choose my own expedients; what can it matter so long as you are set free? and therefore, madame, tell me if my second offer is accepted.'

"'No.'

"On receiving this sharp and decided answer I took my hat and moved toward the door; but, on seeing this, the countess gave a quick, sudden cry of pain, that made me turn round involuntarily, and in doing so I caught the Prefet's eye. He signed to me to remain.

"'Oh, monsieur!' exclaimed the countess, 'imagine some other means, I conjure you. My life and my honor are in your hands.'

"Had it not been out of respect for my chief, I should have disregarded the lady's scruples altogether, and have caused the body to be thrown in the Seine, with a hundred weight of stones fastened to it. As it was, I saw that I was master of the position, and thus addressed the countess:

"'Madame, if I am to do anything for you, tell me everything that took place to-night, or else I can promise nothing. When the disease is mortal you must hide nothing from the surgeon.'

"'Then—if it must be . . . . M. Karls wrung from my weakness yester-evening, permission to stay a few instants with me after the opera.'

"'For the first time since the absence of your husband?' I asked.

"'The first time, monsieur; but why that question?'

"'Because your people will suspect nothing; they will only be astonished.'

"The countess continued: 'The drawing-room was so warm that I was obliged to make Honorine, my maid, open the door of my bed-room so as to equalize the temperature a little. To open the windows was out of the question, for you know how cold it is to-night. What with the heat, the tea, and the conversation, M. Karls became so troubled and excited that he at last asked permission, either to retire or to be allowed to lay aside his coat, for he felt as though he was choking and short of breath. I allowed him to take off his coat, and having done so, he sat down again on the sofa, and began to relate, with greater animation even than before, a ridiculous accident which had happened to an actress while she was before the audience. Suddenly he was silent; I ask him to continue; no answer. I beg, I insist—still the same silence. At first I thought he was asleep, but, on reflection, this sudden transition from noisy hilarity to so deep a slumber appeared so strange to me that I left my seat to look at him more closely. His face was horribly drawn; his eyes thrown up; the corner of his mouth almost touching his ear. He was dead. I screamed and fainted, cutting my forehead against the sofa foot as I fell. Honorine rushed in, and although one of us was dead and the other senseless, she never lost her presence of mind for a moment; with one glance she sees the danger of the position, and never was danger more vast, more real, for my husband was on his way home—between Etampes and Paris—and would be with us in three hours. As soon as she had brought me to my senses, she pushed the sofa close to the window, and covered the corpse with the falling curtain. Something must be done, but what could I do?—everything fell to her. She had often heard me speak of the Prefect of Police, and decided that we must tell him all, without losing a moment, and, profiting by the fact that every one else in the house had gone to bed, carry the corpse between us down stairs, place it in the carriage, and then waken the coachman. While he was harnessing the horses, I must dress myself in evening costume, so that if my husband should arrive at home before us, I might say I had just returned from a soiree. From whose? Honorine decides everything, for I am too bewildered to do aught but look on; but the poor girl had not foreseen the greatest difficulty. Oh, the horrible task! the difficulty, nay almost impossibility, of dressing a body from which all life has fled. It fell, it slipped, it almost floated away. The arms, stretched out and stiff, refused to pass through the sleeves, and when we forced them in, it was hideous to hear the horrible creaking and snapping of the joints. And the boots! Oh! nothing can be compared with this sacrilegious toilet. And then we had to carry him down stairs, avoiding the slightest noise lest we should rouse the porter; when we had placed him in the carriage, Honorine went to wake the coachman, and stay with him whilst he put the horses to, lest he should discover our secret, and I—I had my ball costume to attend to. How I did it I know not; I took ribbons, jewels, bracelets, rouge, flowers, anything that came under my hand. What took place afterward I can hardly say. As soon as I heard the noise of the carriage wheels I ran down stairs, got in with Honorine, and drove here.'

"Such was Madame de B.'s account, told with decision, a calmness and courage, that made my blood run cold—ay! even mine—Vidocq's.

"'Madame,' I said, 'one more word.'

"'More,' she murmured between her teeth, which were closed together with a force that threatened to break them, 'what more can you want?'

"'M. Karl's address.'

"'What, is that necessary?'

"'Indispensable.'

"She gave it me.

"'Now, madame, in a few minutes I hope to have finished my task successfully.'

"'And how? No stabbing, no dreadful disappearance?'

"'None whatever, since you wish it so. Everything will be done in the most simple manner, your reputation uncompromised, and M. Karl's body treated with as great respect as though it was under his father's roof. In a quarter of an hour the corpse will be in M. Karl's own room, and you, madame, will, in five minutes, be in your own carriage, free from the dreadful burden it now contains.'

"'Ah, monsieur! how can I thank you? How can my gratitude equal the service you do me?'

"She shook me by the hand, as though she would crush it to pieces; it was one of the finest moments of my life.

"Although I spoke with such assurance to the countess, I will not deny that I was not without uneasiness, and intimated to the lady that we had done with the Prefet's private office, and that our next scene of action would be the street.

"Before leaving the room she turned round to the magistrate, and pressing her hand closely to her heart, she bade him trust in her as he would in God. To Père Caron, who was waiting with lights in the antechamber, she spoke in passing:

"'You shall not be forgotten, monsieur; all that I have promised shall be done.'

"Descending the grand staircase, I stopped at the door of the room where I had left the servant, who now joined us with the delight of a prisoner set free.

"'Honorine,' said the countess, 'all goes well, but we have yet to finish.'

"'Ah! yes—to finish.'

"While the two went on a little in advance, I called out one of the most intelligent inspectors, and told him, as concisely as I could, what had to be done.

"I had not forgotten the servant's exclamation, 'Asleep!' and told the officer that if the coachman were awake the matter would be more difficult, for the principal object in view was to get the dead body out of the carriage without the coachman knowing what had taken place. But how to do so, if he should be awake?

"'We shall see,' said the officer; 'we shall soon see.'

"'If he does not sleep,' I answered, 'he must sleep.'

"'Of course he must, one way or another.'

"'The devil!' I cried; 'not the other way—no, no.'

"Following the two women, we crept along in the shadows of the houses, when suddenly, as we neared the corner of the street, we were startled by one of the most abominable occurrences that could have happened, although I had foreseen and dreaded it.

"A man was singing a well-known and very popular air. Could it be the coachman? In that case what should we do? The officer proposed to creep up behind the driver, garotte him, and, after pulling him down from the box, pretend to rob him, while the ladies helped me to get the corpse out of the way. He would then take to his heels, and the coachman would mount his box again without knowing the trick played upon him. But I would not consent to this plan of campaign.

"'Then what will you do?' asked the agent.

"'How can I tell?' I answered; 'first let us see the true state of affairs;' and, moving cautiously forward, glanced round the corner. The driver was fast asleep; the singer being a stranger, who was fast disappearing in the direction of Pont St. Michael.

"While the officer ran back to tell the ladies they might advance, I opened the carriage door, got out the dead body, and placed him at full length in the shadow of the parapet which runs along the Quai des Orfevres, wedging him firmly with a couple of stones, for the pavement was sloping. He was a magnificent man, six feet or six feet one, at least; fair, elegant—and such clothes, such linen! All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. The two ladies had now arrived, but they could hardly crawl along; they were worn out, and more like shadows than human beings, and could not even get into the carriage without assistance. Such fright, such terror in their downward looks, as they took their places without uttering a sound!

"'Monsieur,' said the countess to me, seizing my arm with a force that left the imprints of her nails; 'you promise me that the body shall not be outraged?'

"'I swore, madame, that in a quarter of an hour M. de Karls should be in his own bed; he will be there.'

"And, bowing to the ladies, I closed the door with a terrific bang, and then jumping upon the wheel, I woke the coachman.

"'You sleepy scoundrel;' I cried, 'can't you hear the ladies? They've been calling out to you to start for more than a quarter of an hour.'

"'All right, all right,' he muttered, gathering up the reins. 'Where to? where to?'

"'Home, of course, you idiot—Rue Bellechasse.'

"The carriage dashed off at full speed, the horses' feet striking fire from the stones in their mad gallop; a few minutes later, and all was quiet.

"Without loss of time I led the inspector to the place where I had put the dead man, and raising him up, we placed his arms within our own, and carried him away as though he was dead drunk; but, although we were both strong men, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep from slipping as we made our way to the Pont Neuf. My idea was this. Pont Neuf is a vast thoroughfare, into which all the principal streets empty themselves, and where it is impossible for any one to say with certainty from which part of Paris the wayfarer may have come. From the city—from the Faubourg St. Germain—from the Greve—or from the Faubourg St. Jacques—he cannot say. I further intended to throw off the scent any ulterior search as to where M. de Karls had passed the night; hence my choice of the Pont Neuf. As soon as we arrived opposite the Place Dauphine, I decided to stop and wait for the first passing cab; and any one who knows Paris can easily imagine that we had not to wait long. As soon as we heard the sound of wheels, I told the inspector to imitate the singing of a drunken man, and to do so as well as he could in a German jargon. I had hardly given the order, when he burst forth in splendid style with an Alsatian drinking song, in which I joined heartily as one could wish, and in such a manner that the approaching cabman could not fail to think us both intoxicated. As soon as the cab came within a few yards of us I cried out, 'Here, my man, can you take this gentleman home; we've neither time, nor are we sober enough, to do it ourselves.' Without waiting for an answer, I opened the door and thrust in the dead body, not being very particular, you may imagine, whether he was seated comfortably or not, and banging the door to, gave the driver five francs for his journey, and told him the address:—'Rue St. Florentin, first large house on the right; and look alive.' And he did, whilst we struck up our song again, as two drunken men will when they part from a companion.

"The trick was done.

"When the cabman got to his journey's end he was not at all astonished to find his fare fast asleep; but experiencing very great difficulty in awakening him, he began to think something must be wrong, and rang the bell fiercely. The door was opened; the porter and his wife came out, recognized M. de Karls at once, although his face was still more drawn and disfigured, and in a few moments the whole household was up, in a dreadful state of dismay and consternation. The driver, examined by M. de Karls' valet, told all he knew—the gentleman was completely drunk when he was put into the cab on Pont Neuf by two other gentlemen hardly less intoxicated, who went off singing as soon as they had put him in; that was all—everything.

"The dead man was carried up stairs to his room and laid on his bed—so that I had kept my word to the countess; while next day the papers mentioned the unfortunate death of M. de Karls, a young man of noble family, who was seized with apoplexy while going home in a cab. What took place on the countess's return home I cannot tell you, for I never heard; but a few days after she was obliged to attend the funeral service in the Madeleine, owing to the count's official relation with the Austrian embassy. What a torture it must have been to her? Obliged to appear calm and indifferent, not daring to weep or to pray, while her whole soul went out in sorrow to the beloved dead.

"She returned home, and never again left her house alive; her sorrow turned to melancholy, then to depressed languor, then came illness, doctors, and lastly, death. She lived in her love—that dead, she died too. *Que voulez-vous?* But she had not forgotten her promises. Caron received secretly a large sum of money; the servant, independent for life, now lives at Villevorde on property of her own; nor was I overlooked—this splendid diamond was my reward, and I would not part with it for millions—no, nor tens of millions—it is riveted to my finger.

"The count left Paris, and, after years of travel in all parts of the world, he retired to Dalmatia, where he had large estates, and settled at last in Trieste. Lonely, melancholy, visiting no one, he had only one pleasure—the opera; music alone seemed to have the power of lightning the burden of sorrow he bore with him wherever he went.

"One evening he heard his wife's name mentioned by a French tourist, who was in the adjoining box; the gentleman was describing to his companions the extraordinary likeness between the prima donna and the countess of B——, a lady formerly well-known in Paris, who, suspected by her husband of being faithless, was poisoned by him, although it was given out that she had died of consumption. He further entered into other details of the most painful description to the count, who at the end of the act knocked at the door of the adjoining *loge*, formerly handed his card to the talkative tourist, and bowing low returned to his own place, where he quietly remained till the end of the opera. On the card both time and place were fixed for the morrow, swords being the weapons chosen by the count, whose reputation as a fencer was known both far and wide.

"After wounding his adversary slightly and disarming him two or three times, the count suddenly threw himself, perfectly uncovered, on his opponent's sword, which transfixed his heart. He had wished to commit suicide by another man's hand; and thus my story ends."

After a slight pause, Balzac spoke: "I do not like that finish; it is not equal to the rest; there is something wanting. I should have desired—in fact, if the count knew nothing of the death of M. de Karls, in his house, on his sofa, at the feet of his wife, and he could not know that unless the Prefet, you, or Honorine, had been indiscreet enough to"——

"No, no," protested Vidocq, interrupting; "no one has spoken a word, no one. I tell you to-day because I have a right to do so, since the only persons who could complain are both dead."

"Then," continued Balzac, "this duel, this suicide by the hand of another, as you call it, is not sufficiently justified. Were I to take this domestic drama as the groundwork, and relate it after my own fashion, I would seek, invent, imagine a better conclusion—one more logical and complete. Not that I disagree with the kind of death chosen by the count, which is not only possible, but true, nay very true in its originality; but still—and I come back again to the old fault—the count knew too little to justify his great despair. So you see, after all, that your story is not complete as you thought—it wants something—and something very important."

"*Dame!*" answered Vidocq, somewhat staggered by Balzac's triumphant manner, "if it is not complete it is not far from it. I did not intend it as a lesson in literature for you; no, my idea, was a more modest one than that, and originated in this manner: on my way here I took a cab, and as I was stepping in I recognized in the coachman the cabman of the Pont Neuf."

"Strange?"

"Not at all; cabmen don't generally get promoted to colonelcies—they die cabmen. The sight of him called forth the old recollections, and I determined to amuse myself by telling you this portion of my life, thinking that perhaps you might be able to turn it to account."

"You say this cabman brought you here?" asked Balzac, who had not heard a single word of Vidocq's explanation, "did you take his number?"

"Why should I?"

"You—you great—"

"Great what!"

"Anything you like."

"But why should I take his number? He's at your door, waiting for me."

The man was sent for immediately, and Balzac, in great glee, filled all the glasses within reach. Soon, the clatter of sabots was heard on the stairs, and in another moment the cabman entered. When he had tossed off the drink prepared for him, with the remark that he could not refuse as the day was so thirsty, Vidocq commenced:

"If I am not mistaken, I engaged you the other evening on the Pont Neuf?"

"What other evening?"

"Don't you remember? There were three of us singing."

"Ah! I take up so many of that kind. When was it?"

"About ten or twelve years ago," answered Vidocq.

"You call that the other evening?"

"Well, more or less—we were just opposite the statue of Henry the Fourth, about four o'clock in the morning. Can you remember now?"

"No, that does not tell me anything that has happened to me a hundred thousand times."

"I gave you five francs for your fare."

"Ah! that doesn't happen so often. Still I can't think—ten years ago!"

"The person who got in went to Rue St. Florentin."

The man started.

"Rue St. Florentin!" he cried.

"Yes," continued Vidocq, "a large house—and when you got there you had a surprise; what did you find?"

"A dead man!" said the driver, with another start: "is that what you wanted me to say. But was it you who made me that present?"

Vidocq laughed, and the cabman getting angry he quieted him with one of those looks that Martin used to quell his lions with.

"Then," said the coachman, "*if* it was you, you owe me two francs."

"How's that! I gave you five."

"I don't deny it; but look at the trouble. Besides, it took me more than an hour, and I was engaged by the distance, and not by the hour."

"But why did you not get your money at the house?" asked Vidocq.

"Ah! servants are such thieves; they wouldn't give me a farthing. However, I went to Rue Bellechasse."

"Rue Bellechasse!" cried the astonished listener, whose turn it now was to be startled.

"Yes, to a Countess or Duchess of—confound it, I forget the name."

"And why did you go there? Who told you?"

"Well, you see, I found a little pocket-book in my cab next morning, and it could only have belonged to the dead man."

Vidocq and Balzac exchanged a meaning glance at this revelation.

"What did you find in the pocket-book?" asked Balzac, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"A letter addressed to the Countess, or Duchess, Rue Bellechasse—that was all. Oh! no bank notes, no, no! or I should have returned them. But I wanted my two francs, as I told you, so I went to the hotel, and gave the letter to a gentleman and lady, who were just getting into their carriage. 'Two francs,' I said. The gentleman with white hair, whose breast was covered with crosses and orders, took the letter and read it. He turned as white as the paper itself, but told the footman to pay me, and so I got the two francs."

"There," cried Balzac, triumphantly, the history is complete now. The letter tells the husband all—that M. de Karls was the wife's lover. The scene in the theatre at Trieste proved to him that the world knew it also, and then he determined to kill himself. Yes, the history is complete now."

"No, no, not at all," cried the coachman; "I went three times afterward to Rue Bellechasse to get my money."

"But you had been paid already."

"Ay! but the two-franc piece was a bad one."

☞ Princess Satsuma is soon to be wedded to a Mr. Phound. He is the first Englishman yet Phound who has cared to contract a Japanese marriage.

☞ Two exquisitely dressed and perfumed pickpockets, who out the dress and secured with remarkable adroitness the pocket-book of a lady in a New York street car recently, secured four cents as the just reward of their ingenuity.

☞ The following pathetic note was picked up on a Danbury, Conn., street: "Dear Jane—I hope you ain't mad because I didn't laff at you when you lafft at me last evening at the post offis. I ain't proud, dear Jane, but I have got a bile under my arm, and I can't laff as I used to as Heaven is my judge. Yours, truly, Henry."

☞ An Indiana patriarch has lived to form the acquaintance of his great-great-great-grandchild.

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.

Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.,
In quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—something—in her tea."
And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.,
That night was overheard to say—
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
Then Mrs. K.
Went straightaway
And told a friend, the self-same day,
"'Twas sad to think"—
Here came a wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady, "which she mussed,"
That Mrs. B.
At half-past three
Was "that far gone, she couldn't see!"

This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needlework to Mrs. B.
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needlework refuse.
Then Mrs. B.,
As you'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.
Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.,
And asked her why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so drop a dye?
Said Mrs. A.,
In sore dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say;
I said that you
Had stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do!

A BIT OF NONSENSE.

BY RICHARD FENWICK.

On a beautiful June morning there came to the —— depot a lachrymose party of three, one of them being the traveller, and the others the "seers-off." The first was a natty, pretty girl of twenty-two, in a light travelling suit, a coquettish hat from the front of which there depended a black lace demi-veil, and who carried in her hands the daintiest shawl in a yellow strap and a sheaf of illustrated papers.

The others were nobodies; merely an uncle and aunt, good people enough, and without doubt sufficiently kind-hearted, for they wept as if their hearts would break, and they never once quitted their warm hold upon their treasure's hands until they were driven off by the starting of the train.

"G-g-good-b-by-bye, uncle and aunt."

"G-g-good-b-bye, d-darling."

There were two kisses, and two hugs, and a hasty flight and a sinking into the cushions, and the thing was done.

This young person was bound on a no less important errand than to meet "her own," who had arrived in New York after three years' absence in Europe, where he had been to recover his health. She was bound to the house of a relative in the great city, in whose parlors she had located a sweet imaginative picture, and upon this picture she perpetually dwelt. Was he really as strong as he had written he was? Had he forgotten how to kiss? Had he lost that lovely blue from his dear eyes? Had he learned to make cigarettes? Would he look well as a bridegroom?

By the time she had got to Worcester, she had stopped mourning for her aunt and uncle and her home friends. It always takes about this distance to cure the strongest cases of heart-ache. People are always able to lunch at Worcester.

Then she began to look around her. She kept her veil down because her eyelids were red, and she knew her eyes were pretty strong points in her beauty. Suddenly she nearly screamed. Then she turned white, then red, then hot and then cold.

After these changes she became quiet and reflective. She looked out at the window. Then she began to laugh softly to herself. She put the tips of her dainty fingers over her ravishing lips and seemed to be filled with delight.

After a while she produced secretly a hand-glass and carefully examined her face. She adjusted her veil anew and then became composed.

She opened a paper, but never a line did she read. She had her mind upon something else.

Opposite her there sat a bearded scoundrel in a soft travelling cap, dark over-coat, and tan gloves. His hair was brown and wavy, his skin the color of an autumn oak-leaf, his pose elegant and yet lazy.

That he loved the sex was clear, for it was neither once nor twice that he lavished upon our heroine an intelligent glance, but he did it twenty times. And the worst of it was, she seemed to know it. I do not assert that she in return gazed at him twenty times, but I mean that she contrived to arrange the corner of her eye in such a peculiar way that she knew each time she was under inspection.

Three times did they exchange full glances. And such glances! So sympathetic, so full of question and answer, so nice, so very nice!

Then she came to take a dislike to the sun. It was so hot, powerful, distressing.

She seized the blind and struggled like a gigantic fairy to shut it up. Is it necessary to say she failed? That the blind stuck?

There instantly rushed upon her an avalanche from the other side of the aisle. She felt as if she were about to be crushed. But the sweetest and yet the deepest voice inquired:

"May I assist you?"

"Oh, thank you," (with a smile).

The avalanche seized the blind with his tremendous strength. It flew up with a terrible crash. The effect was like that of a person's step upon an imaginary stair. It nearly shook him to pieces.

He looked down. The lovely eyes said, "Isn't it dreadfully cold on your side of the car?"

His eyes replied, "Miserably draughty."

Consequently he moved over to her side and took a vacant seat behind her.

Then she began to be shy. But he persisted. He offered her some English papers. In return she offered him her American papers. Conversation began to flow. She said, "How nice the sun is." He said, "Isn't it."

He turned out to be a fine talker. He had been abroad. Oh, had he? Yes, he had just returned. He had been about everywhere. Had he been to Nice, to Mentour? O, yes, he passed many delightful months there. And did he know many people? Yes, he knew almost everybody, that is to say, every stranger every American. Did he remember Tom Broadwood (with apparent agitation.) Oh yes, distinctly. Fine fellow, good companion, had no faults.

"Oh dear," thought the fair one.

Then the wretch went on to tell what he knew about Tom Broadwood.

"He was a fellow of eccentric notions, especially about women. This was the only point upon which he was foolish. He wanted a woman to be a prude. He frowned upon one who would encourage the least familiarity from any one whom she did not know. He was often known to condemn a woman who did not possess the dignity and reserve of Diana; who permitted even a word or a glance from a stranger—Oh, but perhaps you are well enough acquainted with Tom to know all this!"

"No," she replied, "I don't think I am."

At Springfield they had twenty minutes. Her cavalier brought her some coffee and some sponge drops. She nibbled and sipped inside the window of the car, and he drank and ate outside and grew merry.

When they started on again, there seemed to be nothing to prevent a pleasant journey.

The hero was not contented with the seat in the rear but took the vacant one beside her.

They piled the books and papers out of the way, and put the shawls and travelling bags in the racks. Then they began to talk. Tom Broadwood was common ground, and so they began with him again. In the eyes of this gentleman he seemed to be a savage sort of fellow, always growling at the nonsense seen in society and perpetually vowing that there could be no pleasure for him but in a spot where the average woman did not penetrate. He was always on the lookout for sense, candor, reserve, in fact, for what he stupidly called a true woman.

But both the friendly travellers laughed at these absurdities, and the pretty girl declared with emphasis she never knew Tom Broadwood was such a silly. She had always thought him sensible. For her part she loved variety and pleasure. She was not to be deterred by conventionalities and straight-laced rules from enjoying life. No, no, not she! And she laughed a merry laugh and gave her new friend her best glance.

He took it singularly. He looked away and his companion for an instant grew grave. But presently he turned about again and was even better than ever. By four in the afternoon they were fast friends and confidantes. The young lady chatted like a magpie and was as winning as an angel. He was as interesting as a novel and was clearly a practised lady-killer. At least he hinted as much.

Then an hour later as they entered the upper end of New York and as the shadows began to close in they grew a little more cosy. She was not abashed; and certainly he was not. She smiled divinely into his face and he ogled her with all the fervidness of which he was capable.

He seemed to be doing his best. And, on the other hand, so did she.

When they got into one of the tunnels he whispered for her card.

"Please give it to me, I assure you it will not be misused."

"And will you give me yours?" returned she.

"Certainly," he replied.

She pulled out her wallet and pencil case and she wrote her address upon one of her pasteboards. He wrote his name on a blank card and they exchanged.

When they got into the light again they looked at the treasures they had acquired. Hers read Amy Guiseman, No. 0, Blank St. It was her proper address.

Her companion read it. Then he looked away for a second time and meanwhile he crushed up the card in his fingers.

"Oh," cried she, "see what you have done."

"Ah, I'm sorry, I beg pardon.

Then he became silent. She thought he was a little paler than before and she watched him. She was pale also, but she was in the shade, and besides he did not look at her.

At a quarter to six they stopped in the depot. Then all at once both people grew gracious once more. He touched her hand. She did not withdraw it as hastily as she should have done.

He carried her to a carriage and secured her luggage. Then he came to the window and looked in. They exchanged glances for the fortieth time.

"Kiss me," said he, in a low whisper.

She put up her lips. The deed was done.

The carriage bore away a frantic, weeping girl and left behind a stern and savage man.

Three hours later the pretty traveller dressed herself to meet her lover. Her eyes were red, her cheeks white and her lips set. Still she made herself as beautiful as possible.

Finally she was sent for. He had come. With an inward prayer she began to descend. It was a hard task and she lingered.

But being of brave blood she conquered her dread and completed the terrible journey.

The drawing room was prettily darkened. That is, there was not a blazing flood of light.

Her eager, frightened eyes beheld her fellow traveller. She seemed to expect this. He also seemed to expect to meet her, for there was no expression of surprise. Both advanced, there was a dead silence. Suddenly she cried:

"Mr. Broadwood, I cannot receive you—I should have sent the message, but I felt that it would not be so emphatic. I withdraw from our engagement."

"Miss Guiseman, you should of course be allowed the privilege of the first voice, though I assure you, your determination to withdraw from our engagement was not prior to mine."

"Sir!" she cried. She glared at him like a tigress.

He regarded her like a lion.

"You mean by that, that my conduct to-day was reprehensible. Sir, do you insult me!"

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Miss Guiseman, do you also mean to insult me by thinking that I would behave like a fool."

"What!"

They stared. Then she began to palpitate. He began to say something. Suddenly he shouted it.

"Why, Amy, darling, I knew you, I knew who you were!"

"Oh, Tom, Tom, did you think I didn't know you!" She gave what one must call by courtesy, a scream, though I think it was a y—l.

She rushed at him like a whirlwind, and she disappeared from mortal sight. She emerged very much tumbled.

"But what did you do it for, Tom?"

"Oh, for fun! What did you do it for?"

"Oh, for fun. Though it was playing with fire." But how came you in Boston?" added she.

"Why I was called there instantly, just as soon as I set my foot on the pier. But what a miserable journey! What a wretched dog I was."

"And so was I. I thought you really had become a complete donkey. But to think that I—I shouldn't know you in spite of your whiskers—Oh, Tom, Tom."

A Superior Article in Telegraph Poles.

Max Adeler, in describing the journey of a pleasure party up the Lehigh river, says:

As we ran up the river, we passed several pine forests which had been cleared by fires in past years, so that the slender trunks of the trees remained standing, naked and branchless, in groups of thousands. They are merely collections of huge poles, and their singular appearance induced Munchausen to plan another terrific sell for the reporter. He said, looking at one of these groups:

"It is queer that the telegraph companies didn't establish their pole plantations further down the river."

Out came that note-book in a hurry, and the reporter asked if the trees were really telegraphic poles.

"Yes, sir; the companies came up here and bought thousands of acres of ground and established nurseries where they raise poles from the shoots. They get a superior article in that way, and I am told that the cost of cultivation is less than when they are purchased by contract."

It all went down upon the note-book. That note-book will be regarded as a curiosity some day. It will make a certain newspaper stagger if the reporter gets a chance to put his collection of facts into print. But the Incredulous man smiled scornfully, and the Geologist, after trying to compose some kind of a frightful name for the rocks which lay among the poles, broke down at the sixth syllable and retired to the baggage-car to think out the rest.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—NOMINATION OF GRANT AND WILSON.

The Republican Convention, assembled at Philadelphia, finished its labors on June 6. Gen. Grant was re-nominated for President by the unanimous vote of the convention. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, was nominated for Vice President, on the first ballot. The vote stood: Wilson, 364½; Colfax, 321½; and 65 scattering. Virginia changed 20 votes to Wilson, giving him 384½, while only 375 were needed for a nomination. On the announcement of the vote, all the States in turn changed their votes to Wilson, making his nomination unanimous. A telegram from Colfax was read, promising a hearty support to the ticket nominated. The Convention then adjourned sine die. The platform adopted is as follows:

The Republican party of the United States, assembled in National Convention in the city of Philadelphia, on the 5th and 6th days of June, 1872, again declares its faith, appeals to its history, and announces its position upon the questions before the country.

1. During eleven years of supremacy it has accepted with grand courage the solemn duties of the time; it suppressed a gigantic rebellion, emancipated four millions of slaves, decreed the equal citizenship of all, and established universal suffrage. Exhibiting unparalleled magnanimity, it criminally punished no man for political offences, and warmly welcomed all who proved loyalty by obeying the laws and dealing justly with their neighbors. It has steadily decreased, with firm hand, the resultant disorders of a great war, and initiated a wise and humane policy toward the Indians. The Pacific Railroad and similar vast enterprises have been generally aided and successfully conducted, the public lands freely given to actual settlers, immigration protected and encouraged, and a full acknowledgment of the naturalized citizens' rights secured from European Powers. A uniform national currency has been provided, repudiation frowned down, the national credit sustained under the most extraordinary burdens, and new bonds negotiated at lower rates. The revenues have been carefully collected and honestly applied; despite annual large reductions of the rates of taxation, the public debt has been reduced during General Grant's Presidency at the rate of a hundred millions a year; great financial crises have been avoided, and peace and plenty prevail throughout the land. Menacing foreign difficulties have been peacefully and honorably composed, and the honor and power of the nation kept in high respect throughout the world. This glorious record of the past is the party's best pledge for the future. We believe the people will not entrust the Government to any party or combination of men composed chiefly of those who have resisted every step of this beneficial progress.

2. Complete liberty and exact equality in the enjoyment of all civil, political and public rights, should be established and effectually maintained throughout the Union, by efficient and appropriate State and Federal legislation. Neither the law nor its administration should admit of any discrimination in respect of citizens by reason of race, creed, color, or previous condition of servitude.

3. The recent amendments to the national Constitution should be cordially sustained because they are right, not merely tolerated because they are law, and should be carried out according to their spirit by appropriate legislation, the enforcement of which can safely be entrusted only to the party that secured those amendments.

4. The national government should seek to maintain honorable peace with all nations protecting its citizens everywhere, and sympathizing with all peoples who strive for greater liberty.

5. Any system of the civil service under which the subordinate positions of the Government are considered rewards for mere party zeal is fatally demoralizing; and we therefore favor a reform of the system by laws which shall abolish the evils of patronage, and make honesty, efficiency and fidelity the essential qualifications for public positions, without practically creating a life tenure of office.

6. We are opposed to further grants of the public lands to corporations and monopolies, and demand that the national domain be set apart for free homes for the people.

7. The annual revenue, after paying current expenditures, pensions and the interest of the public debt, should furnish a moderate balance for the reduction of the principal; and the revenue, except so much as may be derived from a tax upon tobacco and liquors, be raised by duties upon importations, the duties of which should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor, and promote the industry, growth and prosperity of the whole country.

8. We hold in undying honor the soldiers and sailors whose valor saved the Union. Their pensions are a sacred debt of the nation; and the widows and orphans of those who died for their country are entitled to the care of a generous and grateful people. We favor such additional legislation as will extend the bounty of the government to all our soldiers and sailors who were honorably discharged, and who, in the time of duty, became disabled, without regard to the length of service or the cause of such discharge.

9. The doctrine of Great Britain and other European powers, concerning allegiance—"once a subject always a subject"—having at last, through the efforts of the Republican party, been abandoned, and the American idea of the individual's right to transfer allegiance having been accepted by European nations, it is the duty of our government to guard with jealous care the right of adopted citizens against the assumption of unauthorized claims by their former governments. And we urge continual careful encouragement and protection of voluntary immigration.

10. The franking privilege ought to be abolished, and the way prepared for a speedy reduction in the rates of postage.

11. Among the questions which press for attention is that which concerns the relations of capital and labor, and the Republican party recognizes the duty of so shaping legislation as to secure full protection and the amplest field for capital, and for labor, the creator of capital, the largest opportunities and a just share of mutual profits of these two great servants of civilization.

12. We hold that Congress and the President have only fulfilled an imperative duty in their measures for the suppression of violent and treasonable organizations in certain lately rebellious regions, and for the protection of the ballot-box, and therefore they are entitled to the thanks of the nation.

13. We denounce repudiation of the public debt in any form or disguise as a national crime. We witness with pride the reduction of the principal of the debt and of the rates of interest upon the balance, and confidently expect that our excellent national currency will be perfected by a speedy resumption of specie payment.

14. The Republican party is mindful of its obligations to the loyal women of America for their noble devotion to the cause of freedom. Their admission to wider fields of usefulness is viewed with satisfaction, and the honest demands of any class of citizens for additional rights should be treated with respectful consideration.

15. We heartily approve the action of Congress in extending amnesty to those lately in rebellion, and rejoice in the growth of peace and fraternal feeling throughout the land.

16. The Republican party propose to respect the rights reserved by the people to themselves as carefully as the powers delegated by them to the State and to the Federal Government. It disapproves of the resort to unconstitutional laws for the purpose of removing evils, by interference with rights not surrendered by the people to either the State or National Government.

17. It is the duty of the General Government to adopt such measures as may tend to encourage and restore American commerce and ship-building.

18. We believe that the modest patriotism, the earnest purpose, the sound judgment, the practical wisdom, the incorruptible integrity, and the illustrious services of Ulysses S. Grant have commended him to the hearts of the American people, and with him at our head we start to-day upon a new march to victory.

ITEMS.

James Gordon Bennett died on Saturday afternoon, June 1st. Mr. Bennett's funeral will not take place until the arrival of his son and daughter from Europe.

Victoria C. Woodhull has written a letter—"three columns in length"—accepting the Apollo Hall nomination for the Presidency.

G. F. Train, the self-nominated candidate for the Presidency, lately lectured in Philadelphia to eight or nine persons.

The death of Charles Lever, the celebrated Irish novelist, at Trieste, Austria, is announced.

Red Cloud and the Indian delegation are in New York.

Johann Strauss, with his celebrated band, the Emperor William's cornet quartette, and the Prussian Band, sailed from Bremen last Saturday, in the steamer Rhein, to take part in the Boston International Jubilee.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. MUTUAL.

The Mutuals, of New York, defeated the Athletics, of Philadelphia, in New York city June 1, after the closest game ever played in that locality, in nine innings. The fielding of both nines was remarkably brilliant, the Athletics making two double plays. Before the game odds of $100 to $35 were laid on the Athletics, and a large sum of money changed hands. About 6000 persons were present.

Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2
Mutuals	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	—3

Runs earned, 1 each: first base hits—Athletic, 0; Mutuals, 6. Umpire, Ferguson, of the Atlantics. Time of game, 1 hour, 35 minutes.

FOREST CITY VS. BALTIMORE.

At Cleveland June 1, the Forest City defeated the Baltimore Club.

The following was the score; Forest City, 7; Baltimore, 4.

ATHLETIC VS. NATIONAL.

At Philadelphia, June 3, the Athletic defeated the National of Washington. The score was as follows:—

National	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—2
Athletic	1	1	0	5	1	1	5	3	0	—13

Runs earned—National—0; Athletic, 5.

BOSTON VS. BALTIMORE.

At Boston, June 6, the Boston nine defeated the Baltimore Club by a score of 7 to 0.

MUTUAL VS. HAYMAKERS.

At Troy, June 6, the Mutuals defeated the Haymakers by a score of 8 to 2.

KIND WORDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Not long since the news of the death of a friend of mine reached me; almost the first thought that occurred was how little I had ever done to make that short, sorrowful life happy. Many, many things I remembered that I might have done when it was too late; just as we all do, when we stand beside those who have gone. We never regret the *kind* words we have spoken, or the retort we have left *unsaid*, but bitterly we recall sharp words uttered angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to eyes that will never shed them any more.

None of us value sufficiently the vast influence of kindness; we do not think how those around us stand in need of it; we feel only for ourselves. Alone, unwitnessed—save by God—many conflicts take place; the poor human heart struggles with sorrow. Let us try, then, and do all we can to make those about us happy, if only with a kind word.

I remember when a child, being away from home and feeling very lonely, I accidentally met with a lady who, putting her arm around me, drew me towards her and said a few kind words. The words I have forgotten long since, but the impression they made is still as fresh as yesterday, and as I look back through years to that face, it always seems so young and lovely.

Kind words are like the flowers we may scatter around us, whose fragrance rises up like incense, or better still, they remind us of the girl in the fairy tale, from whose lips, when she spoke, beautiful pearls fell. But they are of more value than pearls. From them we reap a rich reward here, and they are treasures laid up in heaven.

J. T. C.

Archduchess Sophia, of Austria.

This lady, the mother of the present Emperor of Austria, and of Maximillian who was executed in Mexico, died in Vienna, May 28, of typhoid fever. She was born on the 27th of January, 1805, and was a daughter of the Elector Maximillian, of Bavaria, whom the Great Napoleon created King. She became Archduchess of Austria in 1824, as the wife of the Archduke Francis Charles. She was a woman of far more than average ability and ambition.

Her archducal husband had been a cipher before she married him. She gave him a value and administered it herself. When the storm broke in 1848 over all the thrones of Europe, the Archduchess Sophia, alone almost among the personages of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine, neither trembled at its thunder nor was paralyzed by its lightnings. She put in motion the whole reactionary machinery and she triumphed. On the 1st of December, 1848, Francis Joseph Charles, Archduke of Austria, being then eighteen years old, was declared to have attained his majority. On the 3d of December, 1848, he was proclaimed Emperor of Austria and king of Hungary and Bohemia.

Of the fierce and protracted conflict which ended in his obtaining firm possession of the imperial power, his mother was the resolute and remorseless soul. History records of her in those terrible days traits of inexorable determination. It was through her absolutely implacable will that the execution was finally ordered of thirteen Hungarian nobles and generals on a single day—an execution which appalled Europe without shaking the courage of the victims or the constancy of the Magyar race. On the evening of that bloody day the Archduchess appeared at a ball in Vienna wearing about her neck a collar composed of thirteen rubies, in recognition of the dreadful triumph she had won.

The Emperor Francis Joseph I., of Austria, her eldest son, was born August 18, 1830, and succeeded to the throne on December 2, 1848. Her second son, the Archduke Maximilian, who fell a victim to Napoleon's intrigues in Mexico, was born in July, 1832, and was shot at Queretero on the 19th of June, 1867.

☞ Professor Liebig, in a lecture on poisons, said that "people were foolish in using arsenic to poison their enemies; for the billionth part of a grain can be traced in the stomach," and "if the person should die it remains there forever. Arsenic is so injurious when used in coloring materials, that he even objects to children using green-covered school books.

☞ A tablespoonful of quicksilver was lately found in an old grave in York county, Pa. It is supposed to have been buried there in the shape of calomel.

☞ An assault case was recently tried in France, in consequence of a fight which two divers indulged in, fifty or sixty feet below the surface of the sea.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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This elegant preparation is one of the best remedies for broken-down vital powers, nervous and mental prostration, loss of sleep, anxiety, heart irregularities, indigestion, bronchitis, in convalescence from fevers. Ladies, Business Men, Clergymen, Students, Children, will find this a pleasant invigorating cordial. Prepared by a peculiar process, by H. & J. BREWER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Send for Circulars. Sold by Druggists. june15-3m

TO THE WORKING CLASS, male or female, $40 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; business new; full instructions and valuable package of goods to start with sent free by mail. Address, with 6 cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., june15-3t 16 Courtlandt st., New York.

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When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. James cured his only child. He now gives this receipt free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not dissipate. Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Sharp Pains in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach, Inaction of the Bowels, and Wasting Away of the Muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, Penn., giving name of Saturday Evening Post. june1-3m

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SKIN DISEASES.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

CERTIFICATES.

The following, from among a host of similar Testimonials of the extraordinary virtues of GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, are selected for their brevity:—

Cure of Salt Rheum.

DR. GOURAUD:—Dear Sir—I was for several weeks sorely afflicted with Salt Rheum on my hands and fingers. Your Medicated Soap was recommended to me. I bought a cake, wetted it and rubbed it on my hands several times a day, and before the cake was used up, my hands were free from any disfigurements, and the cuticle all smooth and white. I had tried several remedies previously. You are welcome to print this testimonial to the worth of your Soap.

Yours, respectfully, HENRY BARTON, 84 Nassau street.

A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, March 7, 1872.

DR. FELIX GOURAUD:—Dear Sir—I received your highly Medicated Soap, and have used it one week. During the time I used the first cake my face changed every day, until I was entirely free of pimples, and to-day I can say I possess a clear complexion, SOLELY FROM THE USE of your Soap. I wish you to forward me at your earliest moment ½ a dozen of your Italian Medicated Soap.

Wishing you success and a long life, I remain your friend, J. C. STROUP, No. 48 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. Stroup is a highly respected and well-known citizen of Pittsburgh, and trustworthy.

DR. GOURAUD'S SOAP is also a sovereign remedy for SCALD HEADS, SCALP DISEASES, MOTH PATCHES, SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, WORMS IN THE SKIN, and all SKIN BLEMISHES. Warranted, or no pay taken. 50 cents a cake. Found at DR. GOURAUD'S Old Established Depot, 48 BOND Street, and Druggists. Beware of imitations.

Gourand's Soap.

We observe that Carleton & Hovey of this city advertise Gourand's Italian Medicated Soap. It is long since we have seen the article, and do not refer to it in reference to the purpose to which it is said to be more particularly applied. But we can say from some experience years back, that it is by far the best article to be used in shaving that was ever manufactured. It costs even a little more than the best shaving soap, but there is nothing in the market that can compare with it in this regard. We can truly recommend it to every man who shaves himself and uses soap for that purpose, instead of any of its substitutes.

Mr. Crampton, the proprietor of the Golden Rule, says, whilst his son was in the country, he was terribly burnt. Gourand's Italian Medicated Soap instantly cured him.

Ask the following well-known persons in the Nation:—Major-General SANDFORD, Colonel DU SOLLE, Editor; Capt. RYNDER, Ex-U. S. Marshal; FRANK QUEEN, Editor; RICHARD GRANT WHITE, R. S. MCKENZIE, Editor; and a host of other celebrities.

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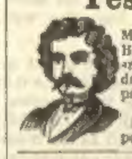

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
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" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-cowly

☞ A saloon-keeper at Lynchburg, Va., advertises that persons wanting drinks must bring orders from their wives.

WIT AND HUMOR.

ECCENTRICITIES OF EDITORS.

Of the peculiar literary impulses of the brotherhood not a thousandth part has yet been told. Doubtless much that is quite as interesting as anything yet quoted from their eccentric pens will pass to an undeserved oblivion. This is an excellent reason why we should seize as characteristic driftwood any morsels of the main structure which may float near us. In previous articles no mention was made of the "poetry" which the fraternity in some of their flights consent to give their readers. As will be observed, it is too often the case that in these effusions the primitive editor is not over careful as to elegance. Here is one which, though his own, the editor pronounces the most "dog-goned affectionate sample of amatory poetry" that he has ever written:—

When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
Oh! don't I wish that I were there!
When her fairy fingers pat his head,
Oh! don't I wish 'twas me instead!
When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
Oh! don't I wish my neck was his'n!

Here is one who improves the occasion presented by the casual descent of one of his No. 12 brogans upon an unsuspecting "Colorado" in the following pathetic strain:—

One more potato bug
Gone to his rest
Stepped on so tenderly,
'Cause it was best.
Poor little tater-bug!
Smashed to the dust!
In thy prosperity,
Business has bust.

This man shows how well he can unite the two great principles of poetry and of advertising:—

Let the winds blow,
And the fierce tempest rage,
The ocean lashed to fury by the wintry storm.
Look! see the skipper bold,
With Mrs. Hopkins' pie in hand,
And eye upturned to Heaven,
Eating his fill unmoved
Amid the wreck of matter,
And the crush of worlds.

This one is a sample of the delicate poetry that is usually addressed to editors for their own personal gratification:—

Being a stranger to Addison I came there I dreamed, I dreamt

the Editor of the addison paper
Did & to hell was sent
the earth regoist & the
lord was willin and the
Devil was mad to recev
Such a villin.

Editors, for want of other matter, call at times upon their imagination, and this often brings forth marvelous statements. Here is one of them:—

"Our auctioneer tells us that he has so much business that he has recently worn out two hammers, and is now on the second end of the third."

Dogs come in for their full share of attention in these relations, as witness the two following:

The only amusement of the citizens of Calhoun, Georgia, is that of tying tinware to the tails of the village dogs. The dogs are so well trained that whenever one of them sees an oyster can in the street he backs up and waits for some one to tie it on.

A man in Bowling Green, Kentucky, has trained his dog to carry a bank note to market for meat. The result is, that whenever the dog is hungry, he picks up a piece of paper and runs with it to the marketman expecting a meal in return.

The following extract from the Louisville Courier is a gem in its way: "The New York Sun, which is seldom satisfied with things, objects to the proportions of a rattlesnake recently seen in Carter county, in this State, and described as reaching from one side of the road to the other, while its body was as big as an ordinary churn. The Sun says 'that was a very badly proportioned snake,' and that 'it should have been a good deal longer or else a good deal thinner.' We should like to know who is running the snakes of this State, the State herself or the editor of the New York Sun. When things come to such a pass that New York arrogates to herself the right to dictate to Kentucky the size and shape of her serpents, it is high time for the trumpet to sound to arms and for the sword to leap from its scabbard."

Not the least amusing side of the out-of-town editor is his grim humor. This is the way he speaks of the difficulties of making collections:—

No wonder that Weston is a good walker. It turns out that he used to be collector for a newspaper.

Here follows a fair sarcasm on bigotry and useless dissipation:—

The State editors are discussing the best style of cow milking—fore-and-aft or diagonal. In this free country every man should be permitted to milk his cow according to the dictates of his own conscience.

This chap does not care much for style:—

"Some things are always stylish—hogpens for instance."

There is a man who wants the rich people to summer in New York State, and not go over to Jersey:—

It is said that the New Jersey watering-places are rapidly filling up with mosquitoes and never before were they so thoroughly organized and confident of success.

This man is tired out with that Dr. Livingstone, and thus vents himself:—

It is stated that Dr. Livingstone has not had any breeches to speak of for four years, the merchant tailors of Ujiji refusing to credit him. With a little paint, however, and a segment of lion skin around his loins, the doctor has managed to keep the wolf from his door.

The editor in small towns is not unapt to talk of himself, and on such occasions as the demise of his paper is often very concise, and, in some cases, philosophical. The following is the most brief, as well as the most resigned, epitaph which has ever come under our notice. In ceasing to flicker, the Ray said:

"Out, brief candle."

Here is a chap who is hard up, and puns about it:—

Purse and perseverance are both essential to the success of a newspaper in these hard times.

Here is an awful valedictory from the Leavenworth Times:—

The play is over and we are played. May the 999 curses of the Apocalypse seize your d—d city. Amen.

A very savage editor thus gives a good but weak rival the following mean parting kick. We do not know what will become of such a friend:—

The editor who was such a fool as to publish a newspaper that made nobody mad at him, was obliged to abandon the business. He is now engaged in the more congenial labor of peddling skimmed milk. There is something peculiar about the fellow's character, so much so, that every gentleman he meets feels an instinctive desire to kick him.

We will let the women, as usual, have the last word. One of them has the rascality to say:—

It is hard to live without a wife—no gentle heart to get up mornings to build the fire.—*American Newspaper Reporter.*

[From the Records of the French Courts.]

THE POISONED MEAL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER V.

HUSHED UP.

The saddest part of Marie's sad story now remains to be told.

One resource was left her, by employing which it was possible, at the last moment, to avert for a few months the frightful prospect of the torture and the stake. The unfortunate girl might stoop, on her side, to use the weapons of deception against her enemies, and might defame her own character by pleading pregnancy. That one miserable alternative was all that now remained; and, in the extremity of mortal terror, with the shadow of the executioner on her prison, and with the agony of approaching torment and death at her heart, the forlorn creature accepted it. If the law of strict morality must judge her in this matter without consideration, and condemn her without appeal, the spirit of Christian mercy—remembering how sorely she was tried, remembering the frailty of our common humanity, remembering the warning word which forbade us to judge one another—may open its sanctuary of tenderness to a sister in affliction, and may offer her the tribute of its pity without limit and without blame.

The plea of pregnancy was admitted, and, at the eleventh hour, the period of the execution was deferred. On the day when her ashes were to have been cast to the winds, she was still in her prison, a living, breathing woman. Her limbs were spared from the torture, her body was released from the stake until the twenty-ninth of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-two. On that day her reprieve was to end, and the execution of her sentence was absolutely to take place.

During the short period of grace which was now to elapse, the situation of the friendless girl, accused of such incredible crimes, and condemned to so awful a doom, was discussed far and wide in French society. The case became notorious beyond the limits of Caen. The report of it spread by way of Rouen, from mouth to mouth, till it reach Paris; and from Paris it penetrated into the palace of the King at Versailles. That unhappy man, whose dreadful destiny it was to pay the penalty which the long and noble endurance of the French people had too mercifully abstained from inflicting on his guilty predecessors, had then lately mounted the fatal steps of the throne. Louis the Sixteenth was sovereign of France when the story of the poor servant girl obtained its first court-circulation at Versailles.

The conduct of the King, when the main facts of Marie's case came to his ears, did all honor to his sense of duty and his sense of justice. He instantly despatched his Royal order to suspend the execution of the sentence. The report of Marie's fearful situation had reached him so short a time before the period appointed for her death that the royal mandate was only delivered to the parliament of Rouen on the twenty-sixth of July.

The girl's life now hung literally on a thread. An accident happening to the courier, any delay in fulfilling the wearisome official formalities proper to the occasion, and the execution might have taken its course. The authorities at Rouen, feeling that the King's interference implied a rebuke of their inconsiderate confirmation of the Caen sentence, did their best to set themselves right for the future by registering the Royal order on the day when they received it. The next morning, the twenty-seventh, it was sent to Caen; and it reached the authorities there on the twenty-eighth.

That twenty-eighth of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-two, fell on a Sunday. Throughout the day and night the order lay in the office unopened. Sunday was a holiday, and Procurator Revel was not disposed to occupy it by so much as five minutes' performance of week-day work.

On Monday, the twenty-ninth, the crowd assembled to see the execution. The stake was set up, the soldiers were called out, the executioner was ready. All the preliminary horror of the torturing and burning was suffered to darken round the miserable prisoner before the wretches in authority saw fit to open the message of mercy and to deliver it at the prison gate.

She was now saved, as if by a miracle, for the second time. But the cell-door was still closed on her. The only chance of ever opening it, the only hope of publicly asserting her innocence, lay in appealing to the King's justice by means of a written statement of her case, presenting it exactly as it stood, in all its details, from the beginning at Madame Duparc's to the end in the prison at Caen. The production of such a document as this was beset with obstacles; the chief of them being the difficulty of gaining access to the voluminous reports of the evidence given at the trial, which were only accessible, in those days, to persons professionally connected with the courts of law. If Marie's case was to be placed before the King, no man in France but a lawyer could undertake the duty with the slightest chance of serving the interests of the prisoner and the interests of truth.

In this disgraceful emergency a man was found to plead the girl's cause, whose profession secured to him the privilege of examining the evidence against her. This man—a barrister named Lecauchois—not only undertook to prepare a statement of the case from the records of the court, but further devoted himself to collecting money for Marie from all the charitably-disposed inhabitants of the town. It is to be said to his credit that he honestly faced the difficulties of his task, and industriously completed the document which he had engaged to furnish. On the other hand, it must be recorded to his shame, that his motives were interested throughout, and that, with almost incredible meanness, he paid himself for the employment of his time by putting the greater part of the sum which he had collected for his client in his own pocket. With her one friend, no less than with all her enemies, it seems to have been Marie's hard fate to see the worst side of human nature, on every occasion when she was brought into contact with her fellow-creatures.

The statement pleading for the revision of Marie's trial was sent to Paris. An eminent barrister at the Court of Requests framed a petition from it, the prayer of which was granted by the King. Acting under the Royal order, the judges of the Court of Requests furnished themselves with the reports of the evidence as drawn up at Caen, and, after examining the whole case, unanimously decided that there was good and sufficient reason for the revision of the trial. The order to that effect was not issued to the Parliament of Rouen before the twenty-fourth of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-four—nearly two years after the King's mercy had saved Marie from the executioner. Who can say how slowly that long, long time must have passed to the poor girl who was still languishing in her prison?

The Rouen Parliament, feeling that it was held accountable for its proceedings to a high court of judicature, acting under the direct authority of the King himself, recognized at last, readily enough, that the interests of its own reputation and the interests of rigid justice were now intimately bound up together, and applied itself impartially, on this occasion at least, to the consideration of Marie's case.

As a necessary consequence of this change of course, the authorities of Caen began, for the first time, to feel seriously alarmed for themselves. If the Parliament of Rouen dealt fairly by the prisoner, a fatal exposure of the whole party would be the certain result. Under these circumstances, Procurator Revel and his friends sent a private requisition to the authorities at Rouen, conjuring them to remember that the respectability of their professional brethren was at stake, and suggesting that the legal establishment of Marie's innocence was the mistake of all others which it was now most urgently necessary to avoid. The parliament of Rouen was, however, far too cautious, if not too honest, to commit itself to such an atrocious proceeding as was here plainly indicated. After gaining as much time as possible, by prolonging their deliberations to the utmost, the authorities resolved on adopting a middle course, which on the one hand should not actually establish the prisoner's innocence, and, on the other, should not publicly expose the disgraceful conduct of the prosecution at Caen. Their decree, not issued until the twelfth of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-five, annulled the sentence of Procurator Revel on technical grounds; suppressed the further publication of the statement of Marie's case, which had been drawn out by the advocate Lecauchois, as libellous toward Monsieur Revel and Madame Duparc; and announced that the prisoner was ordered to remain in confinement until more ample information could be collected relating to the doubtful question of her innocence or her guilt. No such information was at all likely to present itself (more especially after the only existing narrative of the case had been suppressed); and the practical effect of the decree, therefore, was to keep Marie in prison for an indefinite period, after she had been illegally deprived of her liberty already from August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, to March, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. Who shall say that the respectable classes did not take good care of their respectability on the eve of the French Revolution?

Marie's only hope of recovering her freedom, and exposing her unscrupulous enemies to the obloquy and the punishment which they richly deserved, lay in calling the attention of the higher tribunals of the capital to the cruelly cunning decree of the parliament of Rouen. Accordingly, she once more petitioned the throne. The King referred the document to his council; and the council issued an order submitting the Rouen decree to the final investigation of the parliament of Paris.

At last, then, after more than three miserable years of imprisonment, the victim of Madame Duparc and Procurator Revel had burst her way through all intervening obstacles of law and intricacies of office, to the judgment-seat of that highest law-court in the country, which had the final power of ending her long sufferings, and of doing her signal justice on her adversaries of all degrees. The parliament of Paris was now to estimate the unutterable wrong that had been inflicted on her; and the eloquent tongue of one of the first advocates of that famous bar was to plead her cause openly before God, the king and the country. The pleading of Monsieur Fournel (Marie's counsel) before the parliament of Paris remains on record. At the outset, he assumes the highest ground for the prisoner. He disclaims all intention of gaining her liberty by taking the obvious technical objections to the illegal and irregular sentences of Caen and Rouen. He insists on the necessity of vindicating her innocence legally and morally before the world, and of obtaining the fullest compensation that the law allows for the merciless injuries which the original prosecution had inflicted on his client. In pursuance of this design, he then proceeds to examine the evidence of the alleged poisoning and the alleged robbery, step by step; pointing out, in the fullest detail, the monstrous contradictions and improbabilities which have been already briefly indicated in this narrative. The course thus pursued with signal clearness and ability leads, as every one who has followed the particulars of the case from the beginning will readily understand, to a very serious result. The arguments for the defence cannot assert Marie's innocence without shifting the whole weight of suspicion, in the matter of Monsieur de Beaulieu's death by poisoning, on to the shoulders of her mistress, Madame Duparc.

It is necessary, in order to prepare the reader for the extraordinary termination of the proceedings, to examine this question of suspicion in some of its most striking details.

The poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu may be accepted, in consideration of the medical evidence, as a proved fact to begin with. The question that remains is, whether that poisoning was accidental or premeditated. In either case, the evidence points directly at Madame Duparc, and leads to the conclusion that she tried to shift the blame of the poisoning (if accidental) and the guilt of it (if premeditated) from herself to her servant.

Suppose the poisoning to have been accidental. Suppose arsenic to have been purchased for some legitimate domestic purpose, and to have been carelessly left in one of the salt-cellars, on the dresser—who salts the hasty-pudding? Madame Duparc? Who—assuming that the dinner next day really contained some small portion of poison, just enough to swear by—prepared that dinner? Madame Duparc and her daughter, while the servant was asleep. Having caused the death of her father, and having produced symptoms of illness in herself and her guests, by a dreadful accident, how does the circumstantial evidence further show that Madame Duparc tried to fix the responsibility of that accident on her servant, before she openly charged the girl with poisoning?

In the first place, Madame Duparc is the only one of the dinner-party who attributes the general uneasiness to poison. She not only does this, but she indicates the kind of poison used, and declares in the kitchen that it is burnt—so as to lead to the inference that the servant, who has removed the dishes, has thrown some of the poisoned food on the fire. Here is a foregone conclusion on the subject of arsenic in Madame Duparc's mind, and an inference in connection with it, directed at the servant by Madame Duparc's lips. In the second place, if any trust at all is to be put in the evidence touching the finding of arsenic on or about Marie's person, that trust must be reposed in the testimony of Surgeon Hebert, who first searched the girl. Where does he find the arsenic and the bread-crumbs? In Marie's pockets. Who takes the most inexplicably officious notice of such a trifle as Marie's dress at the most shockingly inappropriate time when the father of Madame Duparc lies dead in the house? Madame Duparc herself. Who tells Marie to take off her Sunday pockets, and sends her into her own room (which she herself has not entered during the night, and which has been open to the intrusion of any one else in the house) to tie on the very pockets in which the arsenic is found? Madame Duparc. Who put the arsenic into the pockets? Is it jumping to a conclusion to answer once more—Madame Duparc?

Thus far we have assumed that the mistress attempted to shift the blame of a fatal accident on to the shoulders of the servant. Do the facts bear out that theory, or do they lead to the suspicion that the woman was a parricide, and that she tried to fix on the friendless country girl the guilt of her dreadful crime?

If the poisoning of the hasty-pudding (to begin with) was accidental, the salting of it, through which the poisoning was, to all appearance, effected, must have been a part of the habitual cookery of the dish. So far, however, from this being the case, Madame Duparc had expressly warned her servant not to use salt; and only used the salt (or the arsenic) herself, after asking a question which implied a direct contradiction of her own directions, and the inconsistency of which she made no attempt whatever to explain. Again, when her father was taken ill, if Madame Duparc had been only the victim of an accident, would she have remained content with no better help than that of an apothecary's boy? would she not have sent, as her father grew worse, for the best medical assistance which the town afforded? The facts show that she summoned just help enough barely to save appearances, and no more. The facts show that she betrayed a singular anxiety to have the body laid out as soon as possible after life was extinct. The facts show that she maintained an unnatural composure on the day of the death. These are significant circumstances. They speak for themselves, independently of the evidence given afterward, in which she and her child contradicted each other as to the time that elapsed when the old man had eaten his fatal meal, before he was taken ill. Add to these serious facts the mysterious disappearance from the house of the eldest son, which was never accounted for; and the rumor of purchased poison, which was never investigated. Consider, beside, whether the attempt to sacrifice the servant's life be not more consistent with the ruthless determination of a criminal, than with the terror of an innocent woman who shrinks from accepting the responsibility of a frightful accident—and determine, at the same time, whether the infinitesimal amount of injury done by the poisoned dinner can be most probably attributed to lucky accident, or to premeditated doctoring of the dishes with just arsenic enough to preserve appearances, and to implicate the servant without too seriously injuring the company on whom she waited. Give all these serious considerations their due weight; then look back to the day of Monsieur de Beaulieu's death, and say if Madame Duparc was the victim of a dreadful accident, or the perpetrator of an atrocious crime!

That she was one or the other, and that, in either case, she was the originator of the vile conspiracy against her servant which these pages disclose, was the conclusion to which Monsieur Fournel's pleading on his client's behalf inevitably led. That pleading satisfactorily demonstrated Marie's innocence of poisoning and theft, and her fair claim to the fullest legal compensation for the wrong inflicted on her. On the twenty-third of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-six, the Parliament of Paris issued its decree, discharging her from the remotest suspicion of guilt, releasing her from her long imprisonment, and authorizing her to bring an action for damages against the person or person who had falsely accused her of murder and theft. The truth had triumphed, and the poor servant-girl had found laws to protect her at last.

Under these altered circumstances, what happened to Madame Duparc? What happened to Procurator Revel and his fellow-conspirators? What happened to the authorities of the Parliament of Rouen?

Nothing.

The premonitory rumblings of that great earthquake of nations which History calls the French Revolution, were, at this time, already beginning to make themselves heard; and any public scandal which affected the wealthier and higher classes involved a serious social risk, the importance of which no man in France could then venture to estimate. If Marie claimed the privilege which a sense of justice, or rather a sense of decency, had forced the Parliament of Paris to concede to her—and, through her counsel, she did claim it—the consequences of the legal inquiry into her case which her demand for damages necessarily involved would probably be the trying of Madame Duparc, either for parricide, or for homicide by misadventure; the dismissal of Procurator Revel from the functions which he had disgracefully abused; and the suspension from office of the authorities at Caen and Rouen, who had in various ways forfeited public confidence by aiding and abetting him.

Here, then, was no less a prospect in view than the disgrace of a respectable family, and the dishonoring of the highest legal functionaries of two important provincial towns! And for what end was the dangerous exposure to be made? Merely to do justice to the daughter of a common day-laborer, who had been illegally sentenced to torture and burning, and illegally confined in prison for nearly five years. To make a wholesale sacrifice of her superiors, no matter how wicked they might be, for the sake of giving a mere servant girl compensation for the undeserved obloquy and misery of many years, was too preposterous and too suicidal an act of justice to be thought of for a moment. Accordingly, when Marie was prepared to bring her action for damages, the lawyers laid their heads together, in the interests of society. It was found possible to put her out of court, at once and forever, by making a technical objection to the proceedings in which she was plaintiff, at the very outset. This disgraceful means of escape once discovered, the girl's guilty persecutors instantly took advantage of it. She was formally put out of court, without the possibility of any further appeal. Procurator Revel, and the other authorities, retained their distinguished legal positions; and the question of the guilt or innocence of Madame Duparc, in the matter of her father's death, remains a mystery which no man can solve to this day.

After recording this scandalous termination of the legal proceedings, it is gratifying to be able to conclude the story of Marie's unmerited sufferings with a picture of her after-life, which leaves an agreeable impression on the mind.

If popular sympathy, after the servant girl's release from prison, could console her for the hard measure of injustice under which she had suffered so long and so unavailingly, that sympathy was now offered to her heartily and without limit. She became quite a public character in Paris. The people followed her in crowds wherever she went. A subscription was set on foot, which, for the time at least, secured her a comfortable independence. Friends rose up in all directions, to show her such attention as might be in their power; and the simple country girl, when she was taken to see the sights of Paris, actually beheld her own name placarded in the showmen's bills, and her presence advertised as the greatest attraction that could be offered to the public. When, in due course of time, all this excitement had evaporated, Marie married prosperously, and the Government granted her its license to open a shop for the sale of stamped papers. The last we hear of her is, that she was a happy wife and mother, and that she performed every duty of life in such a manner as to justify the deep interest which had been universally felt for her by the people of France.

MISSING THE POINT.

LEGAL ADVISER (SPEAKING TECHNICALLY.) "In short, you want to meet your creditors."
INNOCENT CLIENT. "Hang it, no! Why, they're the very people I'm most anxious to avoid!"

Answers to Correspondents.

JOHN W. M. (Round Head, Ohio,) says: "I find an advertisement in your columns for a cure of Stammering, by Eaton's patent appliance. I would like to know whether it is a genuine thing or not. I am afflicted with a stoppage in my speech, and would like to try it, if it is not a swindle." You had better write to the address given in the advertisement, and make inquiries regarding the character of the appliance. You will then be able to judge for yourself as to its probable efficiency. We cannot undertake to vouch for all our advertisers, and must therefore decline to vouch for any of them. Any necessary information can generally be obtained by addressing the parties advertising.

J. J. H. (Laurel Hill, N. C.) writes: "Will you be so kind as to inform me of what place is Pierce Egan a native, and where now residing? Is Marion Harland, the novelist, still living?" Pierce Egan is an Englishman, and resides in London. Marion Harland is still living.

BUSHCHERRY.—Make your white Swiss dress with a short skirt trimmed with a side pleating six inches wide, (not bias) a long overskirt, which need not differ in shape from the other, trimmed with a pleating three inches in width; the same on the flowing sleeves, and arranged as bretelles upon the waist. Line the waist half way up, or all the way if your neck is not plump enough—lining tight fitting, outside slightly gathered. The overskirt is made to look stylish by the manner of looping up.

M. B. (Thomaston) writes: "Please answer the following questions: Should authors write on foolscap or common note paper? Should they write on one or both sides of the paper? How much is commonly paid for sketches and short stories? If an author wishes any part of a story printed in italics, how is the desire to be expressed?" It is immaterial on what size of paper you write, though note paper is preferable, as it may be sent with little or no folding. Write only on one side of the paper. The price paid for stories depends entirely on their merit and the reputation of the author. Draw a line under the word or phrase which you desire to have in italics.

E. B. (Monticie) writes: "Will you be kind enough to answer the following questions in your correspondents' column: 1st. Who or what was Bacchus? 2d. Please give your opinion of ladies' earning their livelihood by teaching school. Do you think the business an honorable one? 3d. When a lady and gentleman are out driving, and meet a friend of the lady, would it be proper for the lady or gentleman to invite her to accompany them? 4th. What is your opinion of kissing? 5th. When a gentleman is paying his attentions to a lady, and makes an evening call at what hour should the interview close? 6th. Is it proper for a lady to ask her lover to accompany her in a walk, to places of amusement, &c.? 7th. I am seventeen. Do you consider me a proper age to receive and write love letters, and to be engaged for two years? 8th. What is your opinion of becoming engaged through correspondence alone? 9th. On which finger is the engagement ring worn? 10th. What is a miracle? 11th. What do you think of my penmanship?" 1st. Bacchus was the Greek God of wine,—one of the few of the Pantheon who are still worshipped. 2d. You certainly do not consider the meaning of your words. There is no profession more honorable than that of a teacher. It is, unfortunately, more honorable than profitable. 3d. It would be perfectly proper—though not always expedient. 4th. Our opinion is that kissing, like most other things, is good under suitable circumstances. The practice of ladies kissing each other is greatly overdone—and very often a great nuisance. So we have been informed by several intelligent ladies. 5th. The proper length of an evening call depends on circumstances. On the degree of intimacy, for instance, the means of entertainment, the habits of the family visited, &c. It is safer to commit sins of omission than of commission in this respect, and to shorten the visit rather than make it too long. 6th. The question of propriety depends on the particular circumstances involved. 7th. Seventeen is too young for anything of the kind. Children should consult their parents before indulging in such luxuries. 8th. It is a cold way of settling a warm matter. 9th. The third finger of the left hand. 10th. A miracle is an event, not only out of the ordinary course of nature, but in opposition to natural laws. For instance, it would be a miracle for us to get a letter from a young lady without a question about courtship or marriage in it. 11th. Your penmanship is very passable.

AURORA asks: "1st. What is the cause of an earthquake? 2d. What is the average depth of the Atlantic? 3d. What is the pronunciation of the word Encke? 4th. What is the metropolis of Greenland? 5th. Into how many branches of government is our Union divided? 6th. Does the water of the Mississippi ever flow up hill? If it does, what causes it?" The cause of earthquakes is not certainly known. They are closely connected with volcanic action, and are supposed to result from movements of liquid matter in the earth's interior. The theory is that the whole interior is occupied by melted matter, with a comparatively thin crust of solid rock. The greatest depth of the north Atlantic is about 4½ miles. Its average depth is not known. The name given is pronounced Enk'-heh. Greenland has no metropolis. Its only settlements are a few scattered villages, which no imagination could exalt into metropolitan dignity. It is under the Danish government. The United States government is divided into three branches, legislative, executive, and judicial: Congress, the President, and the Supreme Court. In one sense the Mississippi river does run up hill; that is, its mouth is further from the earth's centre than its source. This is caused by the polar diameter of the earth being less than the equatorial, so that rivers which run south towards the equator, run into regions of increasing diameter.

F. E. F. Your enigma is accepted. Your handwriting is good.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 110 letters.

My 1, 15, 22, 79, 8, 102, 14, 27, 85, 110, is a town of Gloucestershire, England, the scene of the last battle between the houses of York and Lancaster.

My 104, 62, 20, 27, 50, 17, 88, is an ancient town, next to Athens the principal city of Attica. It was here the festivals of Ceres were celebrated once a year.

My 11, 63, 6, 82, 31, 47, 23, 28, 34, 109, 90, is a country in Asia, about the size of France; the inhabitants never keep shop, or labor at a trade. They claim they are descendants of Saul, King of Israel.

My 30, 107, 26, 87, 71, 38, 57, is a fortified town in France, celebrated for several important treaties. It was taken by Charles V. in 1544; by the Spaniards in 1596, and by Louis XIV. in 1677.

My 21, 5, 64, 100, 85, 42, 95, 56, 74, was a famous Roman; first a common soldier, then a general, and proclaimed emperor in A. D., 284. After reigning 21 years he voluntarily abdicated his throne.

My 26, 105, 33, 92, 6, 84, 41, 80, 60, 89, is an island discovered by Lorenzo Almeida. It was first called St. Lawrence, having been discovered on the day of that saint.

My 58, 86, 14, 70, 52, 27, 98, 52, 29, 103, 27, 76, 55, 64, 20, 78, 8, 46, 44, 98, was a son of Vespasian, born A. D., 51. Ascended the throne A. D., 81. He perished by the hand of an assassin A. D., 96. He was the last of the Cæsars.

My 26, 11, 99, 59, 80, 108, 7, 73, 4, 71, 101, was a celebrated commentator on the Scriptures, born in Flintshire, Eng., in 1662. Died in June, 1714.

My 2, 36, 85, 9, 37, 53, 97, 100, was a celebrated astronomer, born in Hanover in 1738, came to England in 1757, and was at first a humble musician. Too poor to purchase a telescope, he constructed one with his own hands.

My 89, 39, 24, 68, 27, 71, 81, 10, 17, 28, 45, 19, 69, 22, 64, 94, was a desperate politician, who in 1819 planned a conspiracy to assassinate the British Ministers at a cabinet dinner in Grosvenor Square. He was executed May 1st, 1820.

My 87, 109, 67, 51, 96, 40, 54, 16, 48, 77, 64, 66, 21, 49, 32, 16, 78, 54, 18, 91, was a celebrated battle between the English and Scotch Sept. 9th, 1513, resulting in the complete defeat of the Scotch.

My 72, 107, 12, 14, 64, 75, was an English lord, born at Blechmere in 1373. Henry V. appointed him Lieutenant of Ireland. He also served in France, where, it is said, his name struck terror to the French soldiers. Joan of Arc defeated him, routing his army and taking him prisoner.

My 94, 25, 80, 13, 61, 35, 110, was an English poet, born in Sussex, Eng., in 1792. He was drowned in the bay of Spezzia July 8th, 1822.

My 35, 64, 43, 36, 74, 61, 78, 4, 91, 104, 32, is a village of Bavaria 18 miles from Munich, remarkable for the great defeat of the Austrians Nov. 3d, 1800.

My whole is a beautiful stanza of one of Longfellow's poems.

W. H. MORROW,
Manor Station, Pa.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. It's above you.
2. On the roof.
3. An interjection.
4. What all require sometimes.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If the sights of a rifle, when adapted to shooting 100 and 900 yards, are ½ an inch and ⅜ of an inch high respectively, what is the height of the sight when adapted to shooting 400 yards?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the tide.

☞ Why is laziness like money? Because the more a person has the more he wants.

☞ What is the word of one syllable which, if you take two letters from it, will become a word of two syllables? You must try and guess that, for it is my last conundrum. It is plague; take pl, and it becomes ague.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BURIED CITIES—
1. Indianapolis. 2. Meta.
3. Edinburgh. 4. Versailles.
5. Mobile. 6. Boston.
7. Pekin. 8. Lodi.

RIDDLE—Yesterday—(Yes-ter-day.)
ENIGMA—St. Louis.
WORD SQUARE—

A C H E
C R A G
H A N G
E G G S

RECEIPTS.

RICE WATER.—This being often prescribed by doctors against diarrhœa, we will give the receipt for it. See that the rice is clean, but do not wash it. Put one pint of rice in a pan with a quart of cold water, and boil gently till the rice is quite soft or a little overdone; if the water boils away, fill up with cold water, so as to have the rice always covered by it. When done, mash it through a colander, put back on the fire, add water to make it thin or thick, according to prescription; as soon as warm, sweeten to taste with sugar or honey, and take cold or warm, also according to prescription.

TO COOK DRIED BEEF.—Slice it as thin as possible, and let it lie in water over night, or less time, if not very salt. Stew it in water sufficient to make the gravy needed, until tender. Beat up an egg with a little flour; add a lump of butter to the beef, and stir in the egg and flour. Toast bread; lay the beef nicely on it, and pour the gravy over it; add a trifle of pepper at the table, if relished.

MOCK VENISON OF CORNED BEEF.—Cut the beef in thin slices, and freshen it well; it should lie in tepid water three or four hours. When sufficiently fresh, lay it on the gridiron, and let it heat through quickly. Make a gravy of drawn butter; add a little pepper, and the yolk of an egg chopped fine, and pour over it; or put butter, pepper, and salt on it, as you would a beefsteak. This will be found a good dish in the country where fresh beef is seldom to be obtained, but not equal to fresh beef or venison.

TO PREPARE SUMMER PICKLES.—Pick very small cucumbers, pour over them weak hot brine, let them cool, and pour over them hot vinegar and spices to the taste; they will be fit to use in twenty-four hours; but will not keep long.

POOR MAN'S SPONGE-CAKE.—Five eggs, half a cup of white sugar, whip the whites of the eggs, half a cup of sifted flour, and half a cup of water.